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THE TREATY OF PEACE

IT is done. For better or for worse the Treaty of Peace has been completed and has been presented to the nations of the world for their approval. Its preparation has consumed months of time and has commanded the activities, we are told, of more than a thousand expert minds. It was fitting that it should be prepared deliberately, though there is a difference between that which is deliberate and that which is dilatory, and that it should be the product of the world's best thought; for it would probably be no exaggeration to regard it as on the whole the most momentous international instrument ever framed by man. The world has been impatient for it, because every day's delay in its appearance was very painful and very costly to humanity; and the impatience was provoked in the main by the thought that the delay was due chiefly to the interjection of extraneous and irrelevant matter. However that may have been, the delay is ended; the treaty is completed; and the world may now judge the results of the long conference, of whose operations it has been permitted to know so little.

The provisions of the treaty are naturally divided into three general classes or groups, though there is no demarcation of them nor indeed any logical arrangement of them, in the text of the document. These are, first, the Military provisions, including, of course, the strategic disposition of territories; second, the Fiscal provisions, in-

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cluding not only the cash indemnity which is to be paid but also reparation in kind; and third, the Diplomatic provisions, including the recognition of states, the non-strategic disposition of territories, and the formation of the League of Nations.

In respect to the first of these, the Military provisions, it is to be said gratefully and ungrudgingly that they are on the whole satisfactory. Not altogether. Marshal Foch, than whom there is no higher authority on the subject, is reported to be dissatisfied with the assurance, or lack of it, which France enjoys against another German irruption across the Rhine. It might be quite pardonable for him to be over-cautious and over-sensitive on the subject; though we are not inclined to charge him with it. France, as the President of the United States has well reminded us, is the outpost of civilization against the Hun, and therefore needs for her sake and the world's to have the strongest possible protection. It is true that M. Clemenceau appeared to dissent from Marshal Foch's views, and to be satisfied with the treaty in that respect. But obviously that was because he had secured, as he supposed, assurances of efficient aid and protection for France entirely outside of and in addition to the terms of the treaty.

Certainly the terms of the treaty, if fulfilled and maintained, should make an end of Germany as an important military Power. They reduce her army and navy to the rank of negligible factors, and abolish all her strategic fortifications; they abolish her system of universal military service, and practically stop her manufacture of military munitions; while at the same time they leave all such affairs of the other nations unaffected. Thus Germany must have no forts along the Rhine or within fifty kilometers of it, while France may maintain Belfort and Verdun and transform Strasbourg and Metz into like strongholds. Germany must have only six battleships, six cruisers, and a dozen torpedo boats, while Great Britain may continue to count her dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts by the score. Conscription, making every man a soldier, may continue in France, and England's arsenals may surpass even what Essen was.

That is well. It is in accord with justice and reason that such discrimination shall be made against Germany; for the same reason that civilized nations have long pro-

hibited the sale of firearms to savage tribes while permitting free commerce in them among themselves. Germany is the one Power in Europe that has greatly misused the things of which she is now to be deprived. She is the one Power that is not to be trusted with them longer. She is the one Power that would make possession of them a menace to her neighbors and to civilization. Great Britain has a far greater navy than that of which Germany is now deprived. But no rational man ever regarded the British navy as a menace to the peace of the world, or as intended for aggressive purposes or for anything more than defence. France has a conscription and universal military service system as thorough as that of which the treaty deprives Germany. But everybody knows that the military system of the Third Republic has never for one moment been intended for any other than defensive purposes. The world will feel its peace perfectly safe if those and other Powers maintain their present military establishments. The world knows that its peace and welfare require the German military establishments to be abolished, and to be kept abolished.

If under the head of military provisions we consider the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine, the Polish provinces, and other territory, and the relinquishment of all German colonies, similar approval is unhesitatingly to be given to those acts. So far as the cessions of territory in Europe are concerned, they must be regarded as mere acts of reparation. Germany is simply required to surrender to other nations their own property which she has long unjustly and dishonestly withheld from them. That much of this territory is of immense strategic value is an interesting and gratifying circumstance, but is not the reason for its restoration to its owners. It was the reason for Germany's theft of it. A thief steals goods simply because they are valuable; the owner takes them back not merely because they are valuable but because they are his.

In the case of the colonies, there is to be applied a principle similar to that which justifies the abolition of the German military establishment. Germany was the one great colonial Power that both notoriously maladministered her possessions and made them a menace to others. Her atrocious treatment of the African natives, especially those in Southwest Africa, rivalled if it did not surpass the

iniquities of the Spanish conquistadors in the Indies and South America. The contrast in that respect between her African holdings and those of France and Great Britain was appalling. Moreover, she notoriously made her colonies bases of intrigue and menace against the adjacent colonies of other Powers. Thus both within and without her administration was unworthy of civilization, it was repugnant to civilization, it was an offence to the world. It was an unjust stewardship, which cried aloud to justice for demolition.

There is not an item among the military provisions of the treaty to which exception can be taken on the ground of too great severity, or which can reasonably or truthfully be characterized as mere revenge or oppression. Every one is clearly and readily to be vindicated as just and as prudent. If as a whole they fail to give entire satisfaction, that is because they fall somewhere short of the severity which they might justly have displayed.

The Fiscal provisions are on the whole less satisfactory; partly because of a certain indefiniteness, and partly, no doubt, because of the practical impossibility of making them entirely adequate. The requirement of restoration or replacement of shipping destroyed, ton for ton, is good, and can doubtless be fulfilled. Good also—indeed, a matter of course—is the payment of full indemnities for the losses suffered by civilians; so far as these can be determined. There are many such losses, and not among the least of them, which are in their very nature incapable of assessment in dollars and cents, or indeed of pecuniary indemnification. Money stolen can be repaid, and buildings burned can be rebuilt; but for the ravishing of women and the torture of babies, what atonement can be made?

There is a certain indefiniteness, perhaps inevitable, in the amount of pecuniary indemnity which is to be made. Thorough as has been the work of the Allied Governments in keeping account of losses, it may be that it is yet too early to report and to appraise them all, and that it is necessary for a commission to keep at work upon them for a couple of years longer. Certainly that should be done rather than to let a single actual loss go unatoned, and we must hope that in such lapse of time the scrutiny of the commission will not grow less acute nor its resolution become less inexorable. Delay must not mean compromise.

There is also, it is said,—perhaps oversaid,—some uncertainty as to Germany's ability to pay even the \$25,000,000,000 called for in the treaty, not to mention the very large additional sum which the commission is likely to assess against her. It is, of course, an ancient trick of would-be insolvent debtors to depreciate their ability to meet the just demands made upon them; but it is not a creditable thing for those who profess to be seeking justice to encourage or to support such dishonest pretences.

As a matter of fact, Germany might justly be required to pay, or to attempt under pressure to pay, a sum several times larger than that which is mentioned in the treaty. We confess our inability to distinguish between losses inflicted upon civilians by destroying their property and by running them into debt; between stealing their money outright and compelling them to spend it against their will for that which profits them nothing. The ravages of war inflicted losses of billions of dollars upon the people of northern France. But the war also placed a burden of indebtedness of billions of dollars upon all the people of France. If it is just to require Germany to recoup the former losses, it would be equally just to require her to relieve French civilians of the latter burden.

Nor are we much impressed with the inclination of some to relieve Germans of such responsibility on the ground of *non possunt*. In dealing with them the true policy would be not to fix a minimum and then try to get as much more from them as they may indicate an ability to pay, but rather to fix not indeed a maximum but at least a very large sum, an approximate maximum, and then see how nearly to it they could be compelled to go. We must bear in mind that the total wealth of Germany has been estimated at much more than three times the sum mentioned in the treaty, and that that wealth has not been diminished by ravages of invading war. German deviltry has put upon France a load of indebtedness proportionately more than twice as great as the total sum named in the treaty as to be paid by Germany to all her victims. France will bear it and discharge it scrupulously, to the last centime, despite the ravages she has suffered. Germany, without such ravages, might well be required to bear a proportionate burden for the relief of those whom she has irreparably wronged.

If thus the fiscal provisions are somewhat less satisfac-

tory than the military, least satisfactory of all, from the American point of view, are the Diplomatic provisions of the treaty. In some respects, it is true, these are all that could well be desired. The recognition of the new states which have been formed, or of the old states which have been rehabilitated, is admirable. So is the discrimination, expressed or implied, against Germany. So are the provisions regarding German commercial and diplomatic relations, which are to be enforced upon her, and regarding the navigation of German waterways.

We cannot, however, regard as at all satisfactory those provisions of the treaty, quite gratuitously introduced, which affect American as well as European affairs, and which substantially require abandonment of some of our fundamental policies and even some recasting of constitutional principles. "Let us," said Dr. Johnson, "rid our minds of cant." Laying aside, seriously and sincerely, the rhetoric of controversy, the makers of this treaty will of course admit frankly that it gravely impairs the independence and sovereignty of the United States, particularly in depriving our Government of control of its own army and navy, and that it practically abrogates the Monroe Doctrine. It may be excusable, in the fervor of propaganda, to pretend that it does no such thing. But it is quite inconceivable that in calm and deliberate moments the President and his supporters should think of denying that that is precisely what it does, and what it is intended to do.

Now if such sacrifices were necessary, if they had been necessary for winning the war or for concluding an honorable peace, it may be that the nation would have accepted them and borne them; but of course such a hypothesis is fundamentally absurd, since it implies relinquishing for the sake of victory some of the very things for which victory was to be won. The dominant and formidable fact, which has been conspicuous from the beginning, is that they were not necessary. These things were, as we have said, gratuitously introduced into the treaty, of which they form no integral and congruous part. It is that which greatly adds to the unsatisfactoriness of the diplomatic features of the instrument. There is a bitter irony, not altogether unexpected, in the circumstance that men of war have done better than men of peace in making a treaty of peace. *Inter arma leges silent*. Perhaps it would have been better to

have left the mere lawmakers silent, and to have let the soldiers alone dictate the treaty.

We have said that the provisions of the treaty are grouped under these three heads. There are other provisions, or features, which we should perhaps have grouped under a fourth head, namely, the Moral. It was admirable that the writers of the treaty insisted upon placing upon Germany all the blame for the war, and that they also insisted that the German leaders in the war, even the All Highest, should be brought to trial for their crimes. This, we say, was admirable. How necessary, also, it was, the sequel quickly showed. The German plenipotentiaries showed it in their reception of the treaty at Versailles. Their attitude and tone were thoroughly bad. It was significant and ominous that they arrogantly sought to deny a full measure of responsibility for the war, and to claim for Germany immediate and unimpaired fellowship among the nations on equal terms with all others. This circumstance demonstrated again what we have repeatedly pointed out, that the Germans do not yet realize, or are not yet willing to confess, their culpability and their defeat.

It is therefore one of the supreme merits of this treaty that it does impress upon them a sense of their criminality and of their defeat. At least it makes them feel that the other nations regard them as having been criminal, which is the next best thing to thus regarding themselves; and of course it brings home to them a keen realization of their military defeat. The fact that they are required to accept such a treaty, and are unable to reject it, is ample demonstration of their military impotence; and it will be impossible for their leaders, however specious and hypocritical, to offer any other explanation to the people.

There remains a final consideration, of equal importance with all that have gone before. That is, the question of enforcement of the treaty, or of some of its most drastic requirements. A shrewd French writer made at once this comment upon the instrument, that there was "a flagrant disproportion between the plans proposed and the means given to carry them out." For the payment of indemnity, sufficient assurance is given in the continued occupation by the Allies of German territory west of the Rhine. But there are other things for which no such assurance is provided. The world remembers how Prussian militarism

flourished, more than a hundred years ago, in spite of what Napoleon supposed to be suppression of the Prussian army. We may be sure that the Germans of today will be resourceful and indefatigable in their efforts to escape the full effects of this epochal treaty. The world's welfare requires that all such efforts shall be defeated.

By whom, is the question. The pretence that the League of Nations is to be efficient for that purpose, and that it was for that purpose that it was created in the treaty, is of course quite untenable and will, we think, no longer be put forth. That is because the League, according to the terms of its own Covenant, would be impotent for such service. That impotence was frankly confessed in advance of the completion and presentation of the treaty, when our President, the last man in the world to underrate the efficiency of the League, engaged to undertake the formation of another combination of Powers, outside of the League, to maintain some of the essential objects of the treaty. We must expect then, that peace and the practical requirements of the treaty of peace, will be assured—so far as they can be assured—by old-fashioned alliances and balances of power, such as the President not long ago vigorously denounced but which he now apparently favors.

Two other factors must be taken into account. One is, the severity of the fate which has befallen Germany. With all its imperfections, this treaty is perhaps the most humiliating and crushing that ever was imposed upon a beaten Power; though not one whit too humiliating or too crushing. Never before in the world's history did a new empire rise to power and greatness so swiftly as did Germany. Never, certainly, did one so swiftly fall, or fall so far and into so complete disaster and disgrace. That the Germans have fully learned the lesson, and that they will be willing henceforth loyally to conform themselves with humane civilization, may be too much to hope. But at least we may feel sure that it will be physically impossible for them to retrieve their fortunes sufficiently to be a menace to the world, for a number of years to come.

The other factor is, that even if Germany has not done so, the civilized nations of the world have learned the lesson of the war. They have learned the need and the virtue of preparedness for self-defence, and we do not think that any

of them, not even our own, will forget it or ignore it. The nations have learned how much or how little trust is prudently to be reposed in a treaty or a precept of international law to prevent war, when a powerful nation which has long been preparing for war decides that the time is opportune for it to begin war. They will not again be caught napping in a fool's paradise. It is one great service of this treaty, that it will restore peace to the world after the world's greatest war. It is another and comparably great service, which we must trust will be performed as unmistakably and as enduringly, that it will incline the responsible nations of the world to those sane and prudent courses which are the best guarantee of the perpetuity of peace.

PERSONALITY AND PATRIOTISM

THE injection of the personal factor is one of the most regrettable and most reprehensible features of the current controversy over the terms of peace. It is unfortunate that there is any serious difference of opinion whatever, because our relations with other countries are involved, and in such matters it is obviously desirable that we should present an entirely unbroken front. A distinguished writer has given to a certain passage in our career the significant and appropriate title "the Critical Period in American History," because in those early years the young nation was divided on factional lines over grave issues of foreign policy, actually making domestic politics subservient to the interests of alien nations. The hope and the boast have frequently been expressed that we have safely outgrown such folly, and for these we trust there is substantial ground. Various events in recent years have demonstrated the triumphant prevalence of most gratifying cooperation if not absolute unanimity between the two great parties in foreign affairs which might well provoke differences. Such was notably the case in the crisis of the Spanish war in 1898, in the case of President Cleveland's memorably superb vindication of the Monroe Doctrine in Venezuela, and in the support of President Wilson in the recognition and prosecution of the war against the Hun.

Nor is there at this time, in the controversy which so greatly vexes the land, any division on party lines sufficiently distinct and complete to warrant considering it as

purely or even chiefly a partisan affair. It is true that the traditional principles of the Republican party incline the most authoritative leaders and the great mass of members of that organization against any abatement of the Monroe Doctrine or any impairment of national independence and sovereignty. It is also unhappily true that the autocratic dominance of the President over the Democratic party, and the demoralization which his inept leadership has caused, have made a large part of that organization supine and subservient to whatever fads and vagaries he may see fit to impose upon it. But such party attitudes are by no means universal. With the one surviving Republican ex-President fully and aggressively committed to the support of the President's policies, and with several of the most conspicuous Democratic Senators of the United States as vigorously opposing them, it would be foolish to regard it as an essentially partisan controversy.

It is, then, apparently, personal rather than partisan. That may not be as ominous as the other, but it is in some respects actually more discreditable, since it is so incongruously out of place in a democracy. In a monarchy, the personality of the sovereign counts for much. In a republic we are supposed to have a government of laws, not of men, in which the personal will of the individual should be an entirely negligible quantity. There have hitherto been very few attempts at personal government in the United States. Andrew Jackson did, it is true, impose a singularly imperious personal will upon the government, with the result of effecting something almost resembling a revolution. It was on the whole a beneficent achievement, but it was one which even his most ardent admirers would not wish to see habitually emulated as a precedent and example. Andrew Johnson, through his unhappy personal exploitations, won for himself the nickname of "My Policy"; an achievement which nobody will envy him.

But neither of these, nor indeed all former Presidents combined, sounded the personal note in administration so strongly, so insistently, and—to use the term in its least offensive sense—so arrogantly, as Mr. Wilson has done from the very beginning. A striking example of this occurred early in his first term, when he demanded of Congress repeal of the discriminatory act concerning tolls in the Panama Canal. It will be remembered that the supreme argu-

ment was not that it was right, not that it was just, so to do, but simply that he wanted it done in order that he might thus be aided in the pursuit of certain other policies which he had in mind but which he did not deign to disclose. Similarly, years later, he demanded passage of the Woman Suffrage amendment chiefly because he wanted it as a necessary aid to him in prosecuting the war. There were many other like examples of the personal appeal.

Another equally significant phase of the same element has appeared in the President's communications to Congress; in their matter rather than in their manner. No exception can be taken to his preference for oral rather than written delivery. In that he has simply harked back to early examples for which we must have profound respect. But it is in the subject matter of his addresses that he has most departed from custom, and in which indeed he has largely ignored the constitutional prescription. The Constitution provides that "He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." But the former provision he has practically neglected, while the latter he has carried out to a most extraordinary degree. It would be foolish to pretend that his addresses have given to Congress any comprehensive or serviceable information of the state of the Union, such as generally composed the bulk of the written messages of his predecessors. Perhaps there was no need of it. Congress had before it, or was soon to receive, the annual reports of the various Department Secretaries and bureau chiefs, containing a plethora of technical and detailed information, and it may have been superfluous for the President to epitomise those documents, or even to call attention to their special features of interest; though we doubt not that there are many who would gratefully appreciate such continued treatment of them by the President, and who would thus be moved to give to those reports more and more favorable attention.

Of his fulfilment of the other provision, however, there can be no question. Probably not all of his predecessors put together so often recommended to the consideration of Congress measures which they judged necessary and expedient. He has not merely recommended them. He has argued, exhorted, denounced, lauded, exhausted the re-

sources of rhetoric in appeal and propaganda. His addresses have been controversial disquisitions upon political policy, through all of which the personal note has been insistent and dominant.

Now this characteristic of Mr. Wilson's administration, whatever may be thought of its propriety or of the beneficence of its effects in other respects, has naturally and indeed inevitably had the result to which we have already referred. It has caused whatever controversies have arisen over the policies of the administration to assume a personal rather than a partisan guise. They are indeed essentially personal. And they are so through the President's own making, and if not at his desire certainly not at the desire of the nation. A single illustration will suffice. When it became necessary for American delegates to be sent to the Peace Congress, the normal and customary procedure would have been for the President to nominate them to the Senate, and for that body to confirm them. Then they would have been not the President's personal representatives, but the representatives of the nation. Instead, the President, against the unmistakably manifested wish of the nation and quite contrary to precedent and to constitutional intent, insisted upon appointing himself, together with four other gentlemen purely of his own selection, without the slightest regard to Senatorial approval. That, of course, made the delegation representative of himself, personally, and not of the nation or of the National Government.

In all these vagaries of its Chief Executive the nation has shown an extraordinary degree of acquiescence; largely, we assume, because of the unexampled gravity of the international conditions which have surrounded it, and because of the impropriety if not the outright peril of raising an acute issue with him at such a time of stress. In so doing it has not, however, necessarily given them its approval, and it assuredly has not abdicated its right of judgment, or its privilege of criticism and dissent. To the results of negotiations conducted by representatives of the Government and of the nation, such as were sent to Paris in 1898 and to Ghent in 1814, the nation might indeed be expected to give approval, though even then with deliberation and due discrimination; as it did on those occasions. But in no sense is it under any such obligation with respect to the results of negotiations which were conducted in pro-

found secrecy by delegates not of its own choice but rather were selected and appointed against its will and who were by no means representative of its sentiments.

Nothing could therefore be more unjust, or more insincere, than the peevish and querulous complaints which are now being made by the President's apologists, that criticisms of his League of Nations vagaries are personal and partisan attacks upon him. Thus we find even so respectable and dignified a journal as the *New York Times* making the amazing statement that the Republican Senators who opposed over their signatures the original Constitution of the League of Nations "were bent upon framing an issue against President Wilson, their party was in desperate need of an issue, and their zeal in the search for one betrayed them into misjudgment." What would be offensiveness in that grotesque misstatement becomes palpable silliness when we remember that representative Democrats were as much opposed to that Constitution as were any Republicans, and that the result of the elections only a few months before showed how little in need of an issue the Republican party then was.

We believe that it is well within bounds of truth and temperance to say that never was a President supported by the nation regardless of partisanship or of personality more loyally or more unanimously than Mr. Wilson has been, whenever his policy has been in accord with the sentiments of the people and with the principles upon which our Republic is founded.

It is always the desire of this nation to take pride in its chosen Chief Executive, and to show to the world that it stands behind its elected President at least as strongly as any monarchical nation stands behind its hereditary sovereign. Supremely has it been the desire of all Americans to do this in the greatest world-issue in their history, or in the annals of mankind.

These apologists of the President seem to forget, if the President himself, in his extreme self-confidence and opinionatedness, does not overlook it, that there is after all, something stronger than partisan affiliations, or than personal likes and dislikes. It would indeed be an ominous day for the Republic when that was not so, and when in the last analysis purely patriotic considerations were not paramount. It is not because the President is a Democrat that

Republicans oppose his League of Nations. It is not because of his personality that Democrats and Republicans alike dissent from his policy. These are mere incidents. It is to the substance of his proposals that Americans object, and they would object to them just as strongly if they were made by any other man, or if the man who made them belonged to any other party. It is not an issue of Republican or Democrat. It is not an issue of Woodrow Wilson or anybody else. It is an issue of American independence and sovereign nationality against a vague and marplot internationalism; and that issue may well be left to the decision of the American people.

AN EMPIRE CLOSED AND OPENED

THERE can be little danger of our overestimating the importance to the world, from more than one point of view, of the disposition which is being made of Germany's former colonial empire.

The first thought is naturally that of the loss which Germany thus suffers; against which Germans are protesting with agonized ferocity. The blow to her dignity is shattering. It reduces her at once to the rank of second or third class nations. Five years ago she boasted of being geographically as well as in other respects a world Power. Seated in Europe, she had also extensive possessions in Africa, Asia and Australasia and Polynesia, with ambitions for a footing also in America. To-day she is irreparably shorn of everything save the historic lands lying between France and Poland. All who have read history know how grievous a blow to Spain was the loss of her colonies on the American continents, and how bitterly she protested against being bereft of her last insular possessions in 1898. Yet even Spain to-day retains some colonial possessions, as also do Portugal and the Netherlands, all countries upon which Germany has been wont to look with patronizing condescension. Belgium, Denmark and Italy, too, hitherto victims of Teutonic spoliation, have extensive and valuable holdings. France and Great Britain have colonial domains of vast extent. But Germany has not and never again can have one rood of such possessions.

For it will not escape notice that now the map of the world is not merely recast; it is completed. If hereafter

Germany should so amend her ways as to be freely admitted into the fellowship of nations, she would still have to remain without colonies. There would be no lands left for her to acquire. The whole world is now definitely partitioned.

Apart from this loss of prestige, which Germany must feel more than some other less imperiously ambitious nations would, it is no light thing to be deprived of ownership of more than a million square miles of land, more than twelve million subjects, and natural resources of fabulous wealth. It is true that these colonies were not yet a source of financial profit. Germany was every year spending perhaps twice as much on them as she was able to extract from them. But there is no doubt that in time, and that not a long time, they would have become immensely valuable. Their mines of gold, of copper and other metals are likely to rank among the richest in the world. They would have given great stores of raw materials to German factories, and would have purchased in return the shop wares of Germany. They would have been valuable bases for commercial advances in adjacent lands. Territories more than one-third the size of the United States cannot be negligible quantities anywhere within the inhabitable regions of the globe. Lying within the temperate and tropical zones, adjacent to rich empires, and along some of the chief routes of international commerce, their value is incalculable.

From the point of view of military strategy, too, their value to Germany was great, or would have been, could she have retained them, and their loss is disastrous. As bases for submarine operations they commanded the South Atlantic Ocean, the Indian Ocean, the China Seas, and half of the Pacific Ocean. They were a potential menace to all the world's commerce in the Southern hemisphere, and to the chief colonial possessions of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, and the United States. Possessing them and developing their military and naval strength, Germany would have occupied a strategic position second to none in the world. Deprived of them, her dream of world-wide conquest vanishes beyond recall, while the remainder of the world is relieved forever of a haunting peril.

Thus the story of Germany's attempt at colonial expansion is definitely closed. It began in ambition, it was

pursued through ruthlessness and dishonor. It ended in unrelieved disgrace.

At the same time, and in the same event there is opened to the world a vast new empire for peaceful commerce and for the beneficent extension of civilized culture. For under German proprietorship those territories were practically closed against the rest of the world. They were for German exploitation, and no other. That doubtless was a foolish policy; as foolish as many other deeds of the arrogant Huns. To it may justly be attributed in great part the unprofitableness of those territories and their backward condition in contrast with those administered by other Powers. But it was a characteristically German policy, giving earnest of what was to be expected elsewhere, wherever the same selfish and sordid Power might extend its sway.

We may be sure that no vestige of that policy will be continued under the new order of affairs. The Treaty of Peace provides that those territories shall be relinquished by Germany to the Allied and Associated Powers, and that these in turn shall administer them as mandataries of the League of Nations. Well, that League may or may not be formed, and if formed it may or may not be effective. But that does not matter. We all know what is certain to become of those colonies. It would have been as well, and indeed better, for the treaty to be frank and direct, and to state outright to what Powers the former German colonies were to be given; for that is beyond question what the disposition of them, mandate or no mandate, will amount to, as it should.

Under such new ownership those lands will be opened freely to the equal trade of the world. That is the policy which is consistently and profitably pursued in British, French and other colonies. It will be pursued similarly in the colonies which once were Germany's, when they are administered by those or other Powers. That will of course mean new opportunities for the expansion of trade, even of American trade, and for the introduction of the appurtenances of civilization throughout those vast and populous realms. These colonies will be opened to the world, and other nations than the mandataries will have free opportunity to participate in the work of civilizing them.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE TO THE SENATE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

AT Paris the President of the United States has had considerable apparent success in securing the embodiment of his own personal terms and at least a part of his plan for a League of Nations in the treaty of peace prepared by the Entente Allies. The reason for this is obvious. The United States was necessary to a victorious conclusion of the Great War, and it is equally necessary to the future maintenance of peace. Representing in his own person, as it appeared, the future policy of America, it was possible for the President at any time to order his ship, to abandon the Conference, and to leave the Entente Allies to face Germany alone. That decision would have created a great embarrassment for the exposed countries like Belgium and France. Such a desertion, it is true, would not have met the approval of the American people, but they would have been powerless to avert its consequences.

When the President, after his brief visit to the United States, returned to Paris to resume negotiations in the Conference, he found that in his absence great progress had been made toward the completion of a treaty that would end the long suspense and bring the war to a formal conclusion; but this treaty did not contemplate the inclusion of the Constitution of the League of Nations. The President had, however, thrown down to the Senators who had declared their unwillingness to ratify the Constitution of the League as it had been presented to them a challenge which he intended to carry out. "When that treaty comes back," he had said in his address in New York, on March 4, "gentlemen on this side will find the covenant not only in it, but so many threads of the treaty tied to the covenant that you cannot dissect the covenant from the treaty without destroying the whole vital structure."

Thirty-six Senators, elected by the people, representing more than two-thirds of the entire population of the United States, were thus virtually informed that the "advice and consent" of the Senate would receive no consideration. They might, if they chose, privately regard the Constitution of the League of Nations as a defiance of their judgment and even a violation of the fundamental law of the Republic, which they had solemnly sworn to defend, but they would find themselves placed in a position in which they would have to accept this document as it had been formulated, without alterations, or they would be compelled to bear the odium of preventing the conclusion of peace, because the League of Nations would be an essential part of the peace treaty.

It is not necessary to dwell upon this defiance of the constitutional division of the treaty-making power and of the purpose with which that division was originally made and should always be maintained. This defiance assumed what every autocratic usurpation of authority assumes, namely, that power could be invoked to sustain it. In this case it would no doubt be an attempt, in the nominal interest of peace, to bring political pressure to bear upon refractory Senators, in order to compel them to yield to a superior will. It requires no reflection to perceive that if this were done and were successful, it would mark the extinction of representative and even of constitutional government in the United States. That it was ever even contemplated indicates a departure from the principles on which our Government is based which should awaken a deep concern for the future and call attention to the perils of autocratic as distinguished from representative democracy.

How serious the incident is from this point of view becomes clear when we compare the status of the American representation in the Peace Conference with that of any other of the Great Powers. In that conclave, the United States is the only country not represented by a single person confirmed by the legislative branch of government; and yet that body, negotiating in secret, has formulated a compact which, if adopted, is to become under our Constitution "the supreme law of the land." The treaty which is to contain this supreme law, it has been declared by the President of the United States, is to comprise matters foreign to its main purpose which cannot be separated from it, and

upon which the legislative half of the treaty-making power is not to be permitted to exercise its untrammelled judgment.

It is in this connection important to note that while the "plenipotentiaries" of the United States in the Peace Conference have no legislative authority and derive their powers solely from the Executive, none of them having been confirmed by the Senate, all the representatives of the European Powers in the Conference are subject to recall by the legislative branch of their governments if their actions in the course of the negotiations are not approved. In order that approval or disapproval may be intelligently expressed and in a timely manner, the legislatures insist that they be kept informed of the course taken; and, as an example of this surveillance, it may be noted that the British Premier found it necessary to return in person to London, in order to explain to the House of Commons the attitude he had taken on behalf of his government in a matter of interest to them. And the Italian Premier did the same.

No European Premier, the head of a responsible government, would for a moment venture to ignore the advice of the legislative body upon which his official existence is dependent, much less to attempt to force its hand by embodying in a treaty anything which he had occasion to believe would not meet with its approval. If he should be so rash as to do so, he would be immediately withdrawn from the negotiations and another would be substituted in his place.

It was certainly never intended by the founders of the American Republic that the vital questions of foreign policy and international engagements should be subject to decision by a single person. If the precautions taken to avoid that result are lightly to be set aside and ignored, and especially if the voice of the people should proclaim a preference for that method of procedure, the United States would at once take rank as the least democratic nation in the world, and there would be new evidence that a democracy unrestrained by law is the inevitable victim of autocracy.

Whatever the attitude of the majority of the people may be in this matter—and it would be a serious reproach to them to suggest that they would approve the suppression of freedom in their representatives—the real issue created by the purpose to force acquiescence is not the ratification

or non-ratification of a particular treaty but the attempt of the Executive to dominate the legislative branch of the Government.

It is of incalculable importance that this issue should be clearly understood. If the compact proposed were the most perfect conceivable, it should still be open to examination by the Senate as a branch of the treaty-making power; for an attempt at adverse criticism would, in that case, only make its perfection more apparent.

Among the arguments employed in support of the League of Nations one of the most forcible is, that the Council and the Assembly afford an opportunity for conference and discussion. But what a mockery of this argument it would be to try to prevent conference and discussion by a responsible body like the Senate of the United States through the inextricable blending of wholly separate propositions, carefully combined with a deliberate purpose to prevent the free action of judgment regarding them! If the business of the League of Nations is to be conducted in this manner or upon this principle, that fact alone should be decisive for rejecting it. The destinies of mankind cannot safely be entrusted to the action of a secret conclave, nor can the future of America be bound up with the ukase of a single negotiator separated from contact with the American people.

The Senate has the constitutional right to withhold its consent from a treaty of which it does not approve. It may withhold it completely or in part. Possessing the right of amendment—which is in effect a conditional ratification—it has a ready defense against any attempt to force its decisions. There can be no intertwining of engagements which it cannot unravel. It can ratify a treaty of peace and at the same time reject a compact for a League of Nations. It would then remain for those responsible for the negotiation of a treaty designed to frustrate the judgment of the Senate to obtain the acceptance of the changes which the amendments might require.

Two courses, in such a situation, would be open. The President might refuse to act any further, or he might consent to reopen the negotiations for the purpose of securing agreement on the changes. In the first case, the responsibility for the delay of a formal conclusion of peace would evidently rest upon those who had concluded a treaty which

they knew beforehand would not be acceptable to a body necessary to ratification.

In the second case, the Signatory Powers could not consistently refuse to separate what they had themselves intended not to join together, until the President forced them to do so; for they were prepared to postpone the League of Nations and sign a preliminary treaty of peace when the President returned to Paris from his visit to America and changed their plans. The embarrassment of asking for a reversal of a course upon which the President had himself insisted would no doubt be for him very great, but the alternative to resorting to it would be a clear responsibility for the failure of the peace negotiations. Whatever course might be followed as a consequence of the Senate's insistence upon its constitutional right, it is inconceivable that four, or ten, or any other number of delegates sitting in council at Paris could frame any document on any subject which the Senate of the United States could be forced by the Executive to adopt against the better judgment of its members. If the people of the United States, for any reason whatever, arbitrarily insisted upon that, it would mark the end of the Republic.

From the beginning it was made clear that the Senate of the United States would not ratify any treaty which created a super-government; that is, a government that rendered the Government of the United States in any way subordinate to it.

Immediately there began a series of extenuations regarding the purport of the Constitution of the League. The representations of Senators regarding it were repudiated as "bogies." Far from the Constitution creating a super-national government, it was declared by its advocates, it was only an agreement to listen to "recommendations," not necessarily to follow them. In the cases where the Constitution seemed to call for war, in order to impose peace, it remained for the separate governments to declare war, or not, as they might deem best. Thus, it turned out that, if this interpretation was correct, it was the League itself that was the real bogie;—a device not to enforce peace by an international army but by sheer intimidation, pretending to show a mailed fist but in fact merely shaking a finger at a possible aggressor.

It was a difficult task to mediate between these extreme interpretations, that of a super-government and that of an unaffected sovereignty. Some middle ground was even more necessary to the theory of the League to Enforce Peace than it was to the President's conception of a league which should aim to "insure" peace; a result which, he thought, might be accomplished without force if the intimidation imposed were sufficiently impressive.

It was upon the President of the League to Enforce Peace, Ex-President William Howard Taft, therefore, that the task chiefly fell, by the use of his great prestige and his dialectical skill, to reconcile the Constitution of the League to the Constitution of the United States. Coming from him, almost any assurance seemed to many citizens a sufficient guarantee that the conflict between the two "constitutions" was purely imaginary, which makes it of importance to know what the former President's position was regarding the obligations of the League.

Answering the argument of Senator Knox, the Ex-President, in his speech before the Economic Club of New York, parried the accusation regarding super-government in the following adroit manner:

"When Senator Knox's attack upon the covenant is analyzed, it will be seen to rest on an assumption that the Executive Council is given executive powers which are unwarranted by the text of the covenant.

"The whole function of the Executive Council is to be the medium through which the League members are to exchange views, the advisory board to consider all matters arising in the field of the League's possible action and to advise the members as to what they ought by joint action to do.

"The council makes few, if any, orders binding on the members of the League. Where the Executive Council acts as a mediating and inquiring body to settle differences not arbitrated, its unanimous recommendations of a settlement must satisfy the nation seeking relief, if the defendant nation complies with the recommendation. All other obligations of the United States under the League are to be found in the covenants of the League, and not in any action of the Executive Council. When this is understood clearly the whole structure of Senator Knox's indictment falls."

The argument here is that the Executive Council is a purely "advisory" body, without any power to command. The obligations of the United States therefore, are not to be found in the action of the Council, but solely in "the covenants of the League." These covenants, being freely made, it is held, are in no sense infractions of sovereignty. On the contrary, they are affirmations of it. They are voluntary agreements.

The answer to Senator Knox then reduces itself to this: that there is in the Constitution of the League as originally presented no element of a super-government. That the League, as such, can enforce nothing; and that the "recommendations" of the Executive Council are in no sense binding.

To verify this interpretation, the Ex-President quotes Lord Robert Cecil as laying down the principle, "that all action must be unanimously agreed to in accordance with the general rule that governs international relations;" adding, that "this interpretation by one of the most distinguished draftsmen of the League shows that all its language, reasonably construed, delegates no power to these bodies to act for the League and its members without their unanimous concurrence unless the words used make such delegation clear." It is interesting, however, to observe that Ex-President Taft has proposed four amendments to the original draft of the Constitution of the League, the third one "definitely stating the rule of unanimity and making it perfectly plain that any action taken by the Executive Council of the League must be unanimous, thereby necessitating the concurrence of the American Government's member of the Executive Council before its action could be binding upon the United States." This amendment has been accepted, and to that extent the League becomes an Entente.

It is not possible, however, thus easily to destroy the argument of Senator Knox. The fact that Mr. Taft finds it desirable to make sure of the unanimity of the Executive Council before it can even be allowed to "recommend," shows that there is lodged within it some potency against which it is necessary to guard. It cannot be overlooked that Article I, creating the Executive Council, makes it the "instrumentality through which action shall be effected." That is why it was called and still is an "Execu-

tive" Council, although the word "Council" is now unqualified. It has important functions to perform. When the allotment of armament has once been made, the scale of forces cannot be exceeded "without the concurrence of the Council" (Article VIII), and under the rule of unanimity one single member could prevent a State from increasing its means of defense. The Council is to "advise" upon the means by which the obligation to protect territorial integrity and political independence, under Article X, shall be fulfilled. If this advice involves a declaration of war, the Governments advised to make a declaration may indeed refuse; but they would, in that case, be regarded as delinquent. Under Article XVI such a member may be expelled from the League; and a member may not voluntarily withdraw on two years' notice unless "all its obligations under this Covenant have been fulfilled at the time of withdrawal" (Article I). A worse situation would arise if the opposition of a member of the Council should nullify any action whatever, and thus completely paralyze the League. When the Council, acting as a judge, makes a recommendation, under Article XII, compliance with the award by one party binds the other to accept it; and, under Article XV, if any party shall refuse so to comply, "the Council shall propose the measures necessary to give effect to the recommendation." Under Article XVI, the Council is to recommend "what effective military or naval force the members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League." Under Article XVII, the Council may coerce States not members of the League, and under Article XXII it exercises sovereign rights through its mandates to members of the League. It is true that all these powers are expressed in terms of invitation rather than terms of command, but unless the Council is regarded as acting with authority it is difficult to see that there is any provision for the effective enforcement of peace or of any covenants whatever.

There remain, however, the "obligations of the Covenant;" and it is upon these that the Ex-President lays the whole burden. The treaty-making power, he holds,—that is the President and Senate,—are empowered by the Constitution of the United States to make treaties, which "enables them to bind the United States to a contract

with another nation on any subject usually the subject matter of treaties between nations, subject to the limitation that the treaty may not change the form of the government of the United States.... It therefore follows that whenever the treaty-making power binds the United States to do anything it must be done by the branch of that government vested by the Constitution with that function." This is to say that when the treaty-making power engages to make war, to raise armies and maintain navies, or not to raise armies and maintain navies, or to do anything which the Constitution empowers Congress to do, Congress *must* do it, and has *no choice*, except to take notice that the obligation has fallen due and action must be taken.

Thus Mr. Taft very ingeniously takes away from the Council of the League all the attributes of a super-government only to include them in the "obligations of the Covenant" created by the President and Senate of the United States.

That the Constitution of the League thus creates a super-government, that is, a form of authority under which the Congress of the United States is compelled to act when the *casus foederis* calls for its action, must be candidly admitted. Senator Knox finds this authority in the Council, the "instrumentality" through which the League's "action is effected." Mr. Taft finds it in "the obligations of the Covenant." In either case, the result is the same. The League binds Congress to declare war, raise and expend money, and do many other acts, not when in its own judgment Congress considers them timely and necessary, but when the "obligations of the Covenant" require it.

These obligations, the Ex-President not only admits but asserts, are *commands* to Congress to act in the way they prescribe. Who then creates these obligations? The President of the United States thinks they can be created by himself alone through his influence at Paris, and that the Senate can then be forced to accept them whether the senators wish to do so or not. The Ex-President of the United States does not go so far as this. He considers it necessary for the whole treaty-making power to create these obligations, but he believes that the President and Senate together can create them; and that, having done so, the Congress of the United States must act when the obligations fall due, and will have no freedom beyond the rec-

ognition of the fact that the time has arrived for the fulfilment of the obligations thus created. The Council will "advise" the Congress of this and "recommend" its action. The only escape from action would be either an attempt on the part of Congress to prove that the Council was misinterpreting the treaty or the failure of our Government to respect it.

In such circumstances, is it reprehensible that the Senate of the United States should wish to consider with great care the nature of the obligations to be undertaken, and should refuse to be forced into acquiescence by an executive demand that all "expediency" is to be disregarded?

Objections to the original proposal accepted at Paris were raised by members of all political parties in the United States. It is futile, therefore, to regard criticism of the Constitution of the League as a partisan opposition. Its most ardent advocate, for reasons which are obvious, has been ex-President Taft. Although committed *a priori* to a "League," there were, nevertheless, modifications which he as well as others considered it desirable to make respecting the engagements of the United States. The first relates to the Monroe Doctrine, consisting of an amendment making reservations to safeguard it; the second to secure any country in the League the right to control matters solely within its domestic jurisdiction, such as the question of immigration; and one to provide for a withdrawal from the League of Nations, and possibly for a definite term of the existence of the League itself. It is noteworthy that all these changes are in the direction of restricting the power and limiting the duration of the League.

Other eminent American statesmen also have suggested improvements in the Constitution of the League as originally proposed. All of them unite in demanding the retention of the Monroe Doctrine. Upon this point Mr. Charles Evans Hughes and Mr. Elihu Root have been particularly explicit in counselling that it be made clear that no obligation assumed by the United States shall imply the renunciation of its time honored policy with regard to strictly American questions.

This earnest expression of solicitude has produced an effect at Paris, but the result has occasioned bewilderment.

It has never been considered that the Monroe Doctrine is to be classed with international engagements, treaties of arbitration, or regional understandings for securing the maintenance of peace, and the amazement was therefore great when the public was informed that Article X, which pledges the members of the League "to respect and preserve as against external aggression" one another's "territorial integrity and existing political independence," was to be amended by the addition of the words:

"Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace," which now appear as Article XXI in the revised Covenant.

It is proudly announced that at last, in the midst of much opposition and by great efforts, the President succeeded in securing recognition of the Monroe Doctrine as a part of International Law! It seems rather disingenuous, after heralding the League as itself an extension of the Monroe Doctrine to all the world, as the President has done, that he should make a struggle for its inclusion in this treaty, and in such a form! That the President should ever have accepted the language of this amendment, which it is inconceivable that any American could have written, as a characterization of a policy of the United States which is neither a law, nor an engagement, nor a regional understanding, but simply and solely a political policy, is certainly surprising.

It is doubtful if the presence of these strange words in the Covenant of the League can ever transform a purely national policy into International Law, which would only denature it. It requires no sanction by a lawmaking body, and if it did the Conference at Paris could not give it. It is a life principle of the American Republic, and means two things: first, that no foreign Power shall ever acquire a foothold on this continent that would menace the security of this nation; and, second, that this nation will never imperil its own existence by intervention in non-American affairs.

Never before the Great War had it been necessary for the United States to fight in Europe for its own rights, but the ambitions and methods of the Imperial German Government created that necessity. We have in this war

fought for Belgium, for France, for Great Britain, and other nations because they were fighting for us, and we shall do so again if our common enemy renews the attack; but we have never yet been committed to a pledge to fight for everybody everywhere. The Monroe Doctrine has remained until now an uncompromised national policy, and it should be permanently maintained in its twofold meaning as a prohibition of foreign intrusion on the American continent and as a limitation of responsibility in other parts of the world.

The amendment as it stands in the revised Covenant does not express this intention. Article XXI has more appropriate application to the secret treaty of London, which the President repudiates, than it has to the Monroe Doctrine; for the secret treaty of London was a "regional understanding," while the Monroe Doctrine is not. The form of reservation attached to the Hague Conventions was explicit and accurate, and might well, with slight modification, be attached to the present treaty, which would be in the spirit of Mr. Root's third and Mr. Hughes' third and fourth proposed amendments.

Mr. Root further suggests, in his sixth amendment, the calling of a general conference of the members after five or ten years to revise the Covenant, after which any member, on a year's notice, may withdraw from the League; and Mr. Hughes would make provision that any member may withdraw "at its pleasure on specified notice," instead of after two years' notice of its intention to do so, as provided in the revised draft of Article I. He also proposed that no member shall be constituted a mandatory without its consent, which has been accepted, and that no European or Asiatic Power shall be constituted a mandatory of any American people.

Even as thus modified, the League would be far from the realization of the highest international ideals. It has been pointed out that the Covenant neither recognizes as binding the rules of International Law nor makes provision for the improvement of them. As a limited corporation in the general Society of States, it cannot claim universality or justly exercise lawmaking powers that all sovereign States would be bound to respect. It would be merely a single political organism in a community of jurally equal States. Other leagues might be formed which, even if they

did not equal it in power, could claim an equal justification for their existence. They also would aim to be self-protective. In brief, even though the League were preponderant, it would not constitute the Society of States.

To prevent the continuance of what would thus remain at most a mere preponderance of power, Mr. Root has proposed in his second amendment a method of making the League the means of a transition to a real Society of Nations. His proposal, which was endorsed by the Executive Committee of the American Society of International Law and cabled to Paris, is as follows:

The Executive Council shall call a general conference of the Powers to meet not less than two years or more than five years after the signing of this convention for the purpose of reviewing the condition of International Law, and of agreeing upon and stating in its authoritative form the principles and rules thereof.

Thereafter regular conferences for that purpose shall be called and held at stated times.

This wise suggestion was not adopted at Paris; a fact which justifies the inference that the League intends to decide questions of International Law in its own way, and in accordance with its own corporate policies. In short, it intends to act imperially.

As an example of this, take the provision for determining whether or not a given question is one of domestic jurisdiction, like the tariff or the immigration question. Article XV reads: "If the dispute . . . is found by the Council to arise out of a matter which by International Law is solely within the jurisdiction of that party, the Council shall so report, and shall make no recommendation as to its settlement." But, it is immediately added, "The Council may *in any case* under this Article refer the dispute to the Assembly"; that is, even though the question at issue is under International Law a domestic one, upon which the Council made no recommendation, it could be referred to the Assembly for decision! The nature of the decision would then depend upon the policy which the Assembly chose to adopt. If the United States were a disputant, it would have no voice in the decision, which would be made by others, without reference to International Law, in accordance with their prevailing policies, whatever they might be.

Before entering into such bonds with foreign Powers,

it is timely to consider the consequences of making engagements, nominally in the interest of peace, regarding matters which have no logical connection with a treaty of peace and are arbitrarily forced into it. It is inevitable that matters which we have always considered purely national will be treated by the League as international. This is true of our foreign policy as a whole, which under the League would be equally the affair of all the members. Not even the Monroe Doctrine, which we have always considered peculiarly our own affair, would be exempted from this total surrender of national policy. In the British Memorandum, giving the views of London regarding the Monroe Doctrine, for example, that purely American policy is already treated as an "international understanding," to be interpreted and applied by the Council and the Assembly, and not any longer by the United States alone. "Should any dispute arise between American and European Powers," concludes this commentary, "*the League is there to settle it.*"

After such an assumption as this what will remain, under this Covenant, of an independent American foreign policy? The powers which in the first draft of the Covenant were attributed to the Executive Council are in the revised document largely transferred to the Assembly. In that larger body the United States would have three representatives, but only one vote. Among the "original members" of the League and separate "signatories of the Treaty of Peace," are specified, "the British Empire, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and India." These six members, with a close community of primary interests, would be entitled to eighteen representatives and six votes in the Assembly, while the United States, which has a greater self-governing population than all of these imperial dominions combined, would have only three representatives and only one vote.

It is an unwelcome task, in view of the close friendship that should exist between the United States and Great Britain, to call attention to this disparity; for real friendship never anywhere long continues in the presence of doubt as to perfect freedom and perfect equality. For common interests and common purposes the United States and Great Britain—which have so much in common—should act together; but it must not be overlooked that the British Em-

pire has interests and policies which the United States has never shared and has not always approved. As a people we have never regretted our separate and independent existence, and there are many millions of American citizens who will not submit to abandoning it now. Nothing could more fatally destroy the friendship of these two countries than a conviction that what was fought for and won in 1776 is to be lightly surrendered in the flood-tide of our national greatness at the end of a victorious war.

There are those who believe that at Paris American interests have been subordinated to foreign interests, in order to secure the success of the President's personal theories. They believe that he went to Europe to say in private what he did not wish to discuss in public; that he intended to establish a League that would make possible a compromise peace; that this League was originally intended to limit the supremacy of Great Britain on the sea, and thus placate the hostility of Germany; that France, as a means of obtaining future security, could be made to enter such a League along with Germany; that, upon these conditions, a general reciprocal guarantee of territory could be obtained, and that the rivalries of trade could in future be avoided by "the removal of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance."

To carry this theory into effect, it was necessary to interweave the treaty of peace with the formation of a League in such a manner that all who desired peace,—for it was certain that all belligerents wished for peace as soon as possible,—would be forced to accept the League, whether they desired it or not; for the League thus organized was to create a new international order, which the President believed would put an end to war, and be the greatest achievement in history.

Without discussing in a critical spirit, the character of the motives of this great enterprise, it is clear that the execution of this purpose involved secrecy, opposition to a prompt peace of victory, negotiation with adverse national interests, and some concessions for the purpose of winning adherents.

It will probably be many years before the conversations of the Supreme Council of Ten, the "Big Four" and the

"Big Three" will become known to the public, and some of them will perhaps never be known or be variously reported in memoirs and autobiographies. The participants will no doubt have for a long time a certain control over one another.

It was pointed out in a friendly spirit, before the President went to Europe, that by appointing himself as first delegate and repudiating written instructions to intermediaries, he was risking the charge of secret diplomacy and the deliberate abandonment of the idea of covenants "openly arrived at."

The Senate of the United States, if the ordinary course had been adopted, would be in a position to know from records what was the actual course of negotiation. In the absence of this, unless the President wishes personally to submit to interrogation, there is room for a wide scope of inference regarding the bargains made to secure the League.

There are those who will wonder why the alleged American plan of a League has never been published; who will infer that it was rejected or withdrawn because it was needful to adopt a more flexible trading programme; and who will think that the Smuts plan was adopted because without concessions to Great Britain there could have been no League, and without a league of some kind the Great Mission would have been a failure.

One might imagine the British Premier as saying: "There is already a League of Nations. The British Empire is such a league. If you will model the League on that, as General Smuts suggests, we might regard it favorably. Of course we must retain our sea-power. Unless you will pledge the large navy you are developing in the United States to the defense of the Empire, we must defend ourselves. Of course under the League the rights of neutrality, to which you have held so closely in the past, would no longer exist. If you will help us out with mandatories and defend our imperial possessions from future attack, perhaps we can arrange for a League."

"But by this plan, what advantage does the United States get?"

"Why, Mr. President, you get the League!"

With France negotiations were, perhaps, less complicated, for without some special provision, even after

peace was signed, France would be unprotected. One can imagine a question to Monsieur Clemenceau: "Where will France look for protection, if not to the League?"—"To the honor of her co-belligerents."—"But would not the mutual guarantees of the League be sufficient?"—"With Germany a League is impossible."

And so, even without documents, the logic of the situation renders it not difficult to understand what has happened at Paris; why the League was always, except in America, regarded and spoken of as "*l'idée Américaine*," and also why the League had to be intertwined inextricably with the long deferred and much desired treaty of peace, in order to force the hand of the Senate.

Acting by itself, the Senate of the United States would probably regard the prestige of reorganizing the world on paper as bought at too high a price by the acceptance of the responsibilities of Article X and American participation in the international political trust that is to issue "Acts and Charters" for the sovereign rule of countries and colonies in Europe, Asia, and Africa with which the United States, as a constitutional self-governing nation, has no right of interference.

However the Senate may regard the President's challenge, it cannot escape responsibility for its decision. There is one aspect of the subject of the highest importance to the future of the American Republic that has been left in obscurity by nearly all who have commented on the proposed League, namely, the joint imperialism which it establishes. This, though overlooked in America, is well understood in Great Britain, and preparations are making to render it effective. General Smuts, who is a practical officer, recognizes that it is necessary for the League "to train big staffs to look at things from a large human, instead of national, point of view." The Grand Secretariat now being organized in London, under the direction of Sir James Eric Drummond, of the British Foreign Office, will be the school in which the international bureaucracy will be formed and tempered to its task. Viscount Grey sees a great future for this super-national rule of the world under benevolent experts. "I don't see," he said, "why the League of Nations, once formed, should be necessarily idle." Nor would he leave it without means of action. "I don't see why," he continued, "it should not be arranged

for an authoritative and an international force to be at its disposal, which should *act as police in individual countries.*"

It is this that makes the acceptance of a place in the League by the United States so imperative for its success. This policing of the world requires men and money. America has both. Europe's answer to America's great idea of a League is, "We accept it with pleasure. Now stop the fighting that has not ceased from Finland to the Crimea while the Peace Conference has been in session. We have our own idea of these things based on a long experience. We will try your plan, but in the meantime, you must make the Turk spare the Armenian, a mutilated Poland be satisfied with its lot, keep the Hungarians and the Roumanians quiet on the Theiss, settle the disputes of the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs in the Adriatic, make Persia a safe place to live in, and keep Germany within bounds. Unless your League can do these things, it has not helped us much, but if it does then it will be chiefly at your expense; for we must put our house in order and pay our debts while we guard our frontiers. We have not asked you for a League. We are interested in our own national life. We have consented to the League, but we have never much believed in it. Now let America show us that it will work."

And the Senate will have to answer to the country for the engagements it ratifies.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

WANTED—A FOREIGN TRADE POLICY

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

AMERICA faces a new era in her national development. The future holds immeasurable potentialities. At no time in the life of the nation has the outlook been brighter. Peace is at hand. Prosperity and happiness, on a plane far greater than the world has ever before known, may be hers if she will but grasp and develop them.

The degree of our future success will be measured by the degree of our vision and judgment. These blessings are not laid before us to take or leave in a casual manner. They are dependent upon the faithful fulfilment of well-defined duties and the complexities of the problems before us are great but they are not insoluble. Let us view the situation from the standpoint of facts and experience, rather than through the spectacles of those fascinating optimists who assume that prospects and possession are synonymous. If we follow these gentlemen we may forget that while America stands inert and undecided every other great nation is preparing the quickest and surest method of snatching the advantage from her. The world war has come to an end but war for world dominion has been started on the ashes of the old system. Let us bear this in mind and let us remember that a well defined national policy is as essential to success in the contest for national supremacy as a wise military policy was in the war that is happily ended. Failure to prepare for the new contest will be little less reprehensible than was our failure to prepare for the world war.

The problems that are presented to us have no counterpart in Europe, Asia, Africa, or South America. We cannot follow the example of any other nation. If we would succeed we must lead. Our economic position is as dis-

tingent fundamentally as is our country's position geographically. The war has given us an unprecedented handicap over every other nation in the world. Our foreign commerce has jumped by leaps and bounds until we have almost monopolized the world trade in many lines. It came to us through the temporary weakness of our competitors, and not through our own efforts alone. It is unreasonable to assume that we shall hold all of the markets that we now control.

Irrespective of the renewed efforts of our competitors, now released from the inexorable demands of war, we may command all the foreign markets that we require and are capable of developing along healthy lines, if we will but capitalize our inherent potentials by wise fostering and conservation. No matter what efforts our competitors may make we can meet them and beat them if we will but protect our incomparable home market while developing on sound principles, foreign markets which present natural and permanent outlets for our surplus products.

I shall proceed upon what I deem to be an axiom. Our ideal foreign policy is one that would give America the greatest degree of commercial independence and compel the greatest dependence from the rest of the world. In other words, we as a great producing nation should develop our foreign trade as an incident to a well defined policy of strengthening our home market, by stabilizing our financial mechanism, conserving our natural resources and raising our labor to the highest possible state. These are the fundamentals of a permanently successful policy,—one that will give us an unassailable commercial position.

In order to realize fully our tremendous potential power, as well as the dangers which are ahead of us, it is necessary to review the economic history of this country during the last fifteen years.

America is the only country in the world which possesses and which has at the same time developed to the point of availability, the greater part of the raw materials essential to her industries. This is the cornerstone of our great industrial structure; the basis of our economic independence. It must be protected! There must be no internationalism in our economic policy! According to the Director of the United States Geological Survey, our Country contributed to the world's total in 1913 more than

64% of petroleum; 55% of copper; 43% of phosphate; 42% of sulphur; 38% of coal; 37% of zinc; 35% of iron; 34% of lead; 30% of silver; 19% of gold and 20% of salt. We have timber in abundance and an adequate supply of agricultural products to make us in a great measure independent. With respect to nickel, platinum, tin and a few other minerals, there is not much likelihood of our country being self-supporting. We are deficient in potash and certain other minerals essential to our industries, but many of them can be supplied by a policy fostering their development. Such a policy may, in some instances, be well justified apart from economic considerations in view of the possible recurrence of conditions similar to those that existed during the war.

In the ten year period beginning in 1904 the export value of American goods was \$18,692,400,442, against an import value of \$13,826,293,032, showing a surplus in our favor of \$4,866,107,410, or approximately \$500,000,000 per annum. But from this favorable trade balance, between \$400,000,000 and \$500,000,000 must be deducted yearly on account of the so-called "invisible exports," *i. e.* the interest and dividends paid by us on \$5,000,000,000 of loans and securities held by European investors: money spent by Americans abroad; remittances made by immigrants; and payment by American manufacturers and merchants for freight shipped in foreign bottoms.

During this period we were compelled either to provide a favorable trade balance to the extent of approximately \$500,000,000 a year to thus off-set the invisible exports, or to sell additional American securities to foreign investors. Payment in gold would have depleted our gold reserve. The financial condition of this country at the outbreak of the war was serious, owing to the fact that under the present tariff, the value of the imports actually exceeded that of the exports. Fortunately, the effect of the war was to create what was tantamount to a protective tariff, by reason of the incident restriction of exports to this country from the belligerent nations, thus averting a great national calamity, financial and industrial.

It is estimated that, prior to the War, upwards of 90% of the products of our national industries were absorbed by our own market, and amounted to more than twice the export trade of the whole world. It is not generally known

that New York alone had, before the War, a yearly output of $2\frac{1}{4}$ billions of dollars of manufactures, approximately equal to the entire export trade of either Great Britain, Germany or the United States, and nearly three times the value of the total imports into South America from all sources. From these considerations, the conclusion would seem irresistible that the keynote of our industrial policy should be to preserve unimpaired this incomparable home market. Shall we dissipate this tremendous market, or shall we maintain it by the protection that can be accomplished through tariff legislation wisely administered? This is inherently an economic—not a political problem.

It is vital to the industrial peace, social contentment and prosperity of the nation that unemployment of labor be reduced to a minimum. This can be effected in a large measure by the restriction of immigration and by the development of foreign markets to insure uninterrupted operation of our industrial plants. The condition of the labor market in the near future is a subject upon which authorities disagree. Among the factors which will determine this condition are the future position of women in industry and the rate of immigration compared with that of emigration. Undoubtedly, there will be a large exodus of our wage earners to their native lands as soon as conditions admit of their departure, and, in all probability, many of these emigrants will not return to America. But, on the other hand, the higher wages and better living conditions here, coupled with the desire of leaving behind the scene of sad memories, will soon attract a large number to America and perhaps far more than off-set the loss through emigration.

A law restricting immigration should be of short duration and subject to suspension by a body of officials to whom Congress would delegate the authority. The quality of our immigration from all countries would be improved if the work of debarring undesirables was carried out abroad before their departure, instead of after their arrival here; in other words, the Ellis Islands should be established at the points of emigration. The number admitted should be based upon the record of naturalization among the various races during the decade previous to the War. Preference should be given to those nationalities which have evinced a disposition to become naturalized American citizens. It would be far better to suffer a temporary shortage of labor

than to have any considerable oversupply under normal industrial conditions.

We can dictate the types and numbers of our future immigrants. Shall we accept hordes of undesirables, or shall we accept the best that apply and in the number required?

After the period of reconstruction in Europe, America cannot depend on European markets to absorb her surplus products. If England permanently adopts and extends the principle of the protective tariff, as she surely will, as a basis of preferential tariffs with her colonies and dependencies, America will be deprived of her most important foreign market. In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, nearly 40% of our total exports were to the United Kingdom and Canada. This almost equalled the entire importations into South America from all nations. These comparative figures are instructive. Germany, also, will lose her best market, for in the year 1913, one-sixth of her entire exports, a large part of which were manufactures, went to England, in addition to her very considerable export trade with the British colonies.

There is a tendency in this country to over-estimate the disabilities under which the great commercial nations of the world will labor as a result of their war losses. Let us examine the facts. France unquestionably will require most of her strength and capital for some time to come to rebuild her devastated areas.

Japan undoubtedly will attempt to make great strides in South and Central America, and in many lines we cannot hope to compete with her under-paid labor.

Germany, driven from her old markets under the British flag will, and in fact already is attempting to regain and enlarge her sphere in Latin America. We shall meet her at every turn. Her unscrupulous agents will be found in every market and their activities will bear fruit. While England has paid a tremendous price to carry on the war, it has not all been lost to her. As a result of the war, her industry has been modernized and she is now far better equipped than ever before to compete for world trade.

It is to the so-called "backward nations," of South America, Africa, Asia and to Russia that America must look for her future markets. These countries possess enormous natural resources, as yet undeveloped, and conse-

quently of no present value. Their people lack purchasing power, and because of the low standards of living there is but little demand for foreign goods. The exploitation of these countries would involve the expenditure of colossal sums of money. Where is the money to come from? Obviously, European financial centers can no longer provide capital, and it is to the United States that they must look for financial assistance. In developing new fields of industrial activity, we shall not only create markets for American products but for the exports of Europe as well. In that way we shall profit by enhancing the value of the securities which we now hold. Our Allies cannot repay these loans in gold—that would be impossible, even if it were desirable,—and to receive payment in their industrial products would seriously affect our own industries. Therefore they must repay us by securities we help them to create.

Before the war, England, Germany and France were the great bankers of the world. Indeed, many of our own most important industries were financed by foreign capital. England's investments abroad were estimated in 1914 at upwards of 20 billions of dollars, from which she received an annual income of one billion dollars. In Latin-America alone England has invested 5 billions of dollars. Both England and Germany have encouraged the investment of the capital of their nationals abroad in order to control the trade resulting from the industries developed. The investment of capital in the development of a country is the "open sesame" to trade with that country.

In international investments, what the borrowing nation requires is cheap money; what the lending nation demands is good security. Under present conditions, good security is what the so-called "backward nations" find most difficult to furnish. It is not only that all business arrangements may at any time be disrupted by political disturbances, but where a dispute arises between the foreign investor and the local interests, the matter is decided by a biased local court or by executive decree, from either of which the only appeal in practice is to diplomatic intervention. Whichever way the case is finally decided, the course of procedure creates bad feeling on both sides. For this reason, I advocate the creation of a High Court of Equity to hear and determine cases solely in the category to which I have referred.

The authority of such a Court would be enormous. Its decisions, published all over the world, would constitute a powerful deterrent to dishonest practice; and its influence would extend over the whole field of international business. For the plaintiff or defendant, as the case might be, would not be called upon to accept the decision of a foreign judge and jury whom he would suspect of bias against him. It is not suggested, of course, that every dispute should be taken to the High Court of Equity, and jurisdiction might be fixed by a minimum sum as the amount to be involved in the suit.

If we wish to induce the investment of American money abroad, our Government must change its attitude towards American investors in foreign countries. Heretofore, no attempt has been made to distinguish between legitimate undertaking by Americans, founded upon the purchase for cash of land, mining rights, etc., and those schemes, fortunately few in number, which are based entirely upon concessions extorted without valuable consideration. The view has been that there is something base and sordid in any American business enterprise conducted in a foreign country. The fact is that the opposition to the legitimate investment of American capital abroad usually rests upon complete ignorance of the circumstances.

Anyone who is familiar with the conditions in Latin-America, in Africa, in the West Indies, for example, knows that whatever measure of prosperity and civilization exists among the natives has been developed by the activities of foreign capital in those regions. What may very properly be asked of a man who invests his capital in a so-called "backward country" is: "Are the inhabitants of this country better off or worse off because you have gone among them to do business?" and by the answer to this question any foreign enterprise should be approved or condemned. In modern times there are few instances in which native races have not secured great benefits both moral and material from the establishment among them of foreign enterprises.

The foreigner, acting for his own selfish interest, will do everything he can to maintain law and order and to avert internal warfare. He will build hospitals, import physicians and surgeons, improve the sanitary conditions, develop means of transportation and communication, and

encourage local industry. In the actual conduct of his business, he will bring capital to the country, give employment to labor and elevate the standard of living. Through the taxation of his enterprises, the government of the country will increase its revenues and find it easier to borrow money for its own purposes. The foreign investor invariably pays a higher rate of wages than native employers, and his business always stimulates the development of whatever resources the country possesses.

It would be manifestly impossible to discuss all the phases of foreign trade policy in a paper of this scope. I have dwelt only on those which I deem to be of major importance. It seems almost unnecessary to remind even the most casual observer of the necessity for improving our financial facilities abroad and of strengthening our diplomatic and consular agencies.

I have emphasized the essentiality of fostering our incomparable home markets as the basis of all our prosperity and the natural foundation of a great foreign trade. If we are to build on such a foundation, then our foreign trade policy should embrace:

(1) A tariff based upon the recommendation of tariff experts to protect our home markets from the dumpings of Europe and Asia and, also, to secure reciprocal trade advantages with other countries.

(2) Legislation supplementing the Webb-Pomerene Law to promote efficiency in our home industries by eliminating uneconomic and unessential features of the Sherman Law.

(3) The creation of an immigration board which shall regulate immigration to meet economic demands.

(4) The development of a great American Merchant Marine, privately owned and privately operated, with such governmental assistance as is accorded the nationals of our maritime competitors.

(5) The creation of a High Court of Equity which shall adjudicate commercial disputes between Americans and nationals of countries in which they invest or seek to invest.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

GREECE, BULGARIA AND THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALITY

BY A. ANDREADES

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I.

EASTERN peoples delight in didactic tales. Two such, generally known in the Balkans, give a graphic picture of the Bulgarians.

According to the first, God said to a Bulgarian one day, "Ask of me whatever you wish, and I will do it for you; but I shall do twice as much for your neighbor." The Bulgarian, without hesitation, put out one of his own eyes.

This anecdote was repeated in 1895 by a Bulgarian Cabinet Minister to the well-known French sociologist, Alfred Berl, who in his turn narrated it recently, saying that Bulgaria preferred to ally herself with the empires of prey in the hope of bringing about the destruction of Serbia and Greece rather than join the Entente whose victory would have brought, to be sure, much profit to Bulgaria, but even more to Serbia and to Greece.

The second tale runs as follows: Once a Bulgarian and a Greek entered into a partnership. They acquired three lambs. When the time came to divide up, the Bulgarian said: "The first lamb belongs to me by right; the second you will give me because I am your partner and you love me; and the third I take away from you because I am stronger."

This anecdote was time and again told by the Greeks among themselves in the Spring of 1913, between the first and second Balkan Wars, when the Bulgarians were advancing their claims upon Central Macedonia on the ground of nationality; upon Southern Macedonia for commercial reasons; and upon Thrace by virtue of their victories at Loule-Bourgas.

There was a special argument invented for Saloniki—one of a religious nature.

This metropolis had reared the Greek orthodox monks Cyril and Methodius, who gave Christianity to the Bulgarians. Ex-King Ferdinand, himself a Roman Catholic, did not hesitate to make capital of this argument. At a dinner given by the late King George in Saloniki he said to Queen Olga, the consort of his host, "Madam, Saloniki is the Mecca of the Bulgarians." Now, in this modern Mecca, the number of the Faithful was not even half of one per cent. Imagine Greece claiming Tarsus on the ground that Saint Paul, who evangelized the Greeks, came from there!

The tale of the three lambs constantly recurs to my mind as I become conversant with the arguments put forth by the Bulgarian propagandists who are active in this country.

The basis of all pro-Bulgar activity here is the contention that the Treaty of Bucharest was a violation of the principle of nationality, especially so in having awarded to Serbia the districts of Ochrida, Veles and Ishtip, in Central Macedonia.

The Serbians and their friends have retorted that this population is Slav, and Serbian rather than Bulgarian, in language as well as in customs, and that if a generation ago it adhered to the Bulgarian exarchate, it did so on orders from Russia, then the Great Slav Power, whose policy aimed at the creation of a Greater Bulgaria.

It is curious to note that the Serbs have failed to bring out the inconsistency of the Bulgarians, who while complaining that the Treaty of Bucharest violates the principle of nationality by surrendering to Serbia what they call Bulgarian populations, have, nevertheless, in utter disregard of this principle, occupied, under provisions of the same treaty, lands inhabited almost exclusively by Greeks and Turks.

The Greeks have been laboring under the error of thinking that the whole world was following closely the events in the East. They have not, therefore, tried to show that the Treaty of Bucharest, far from having given them more than they were entitled to on the principle of nationality, imposed upon them the obligation of yielding Gre-

cian territories which they had liberated with their own sword.

II.

The Bulgarian propagandists, when speaking of Greek Macedonia, artfully conceal the fact that Greece was not given Macedonia in its entirety, but only its southern parts. In fact, at some places, as in the region north of Saloniki, the Greek boundaries run only a few tens of miles from the sea. Now, in the course of long centuries of struggle between Greeks and Bulgarians, the latter never took Saloniki, nor did they ever succeed in establishing themselves firmly in Southern Macedonia. For this reason, in Greek Macedonia Bulgarians are either altogether absent, or found in trifling minorities.

On the other hand, for centuries, the Greeks had control of Central Macedonia. This explains the Greek character of many cities such as Monastir, Krushevon, Stromnitsa, Melnikon, which are today under either Serbian or under Bulgarian rule.

In January, 1915, Mr. Radoslavoff, the Bulgarian Premier, declared officially to Sir Alfred Sharp that Bulgaria asks from Greece the Eastern Departments of Serres, Drama and Kavalla. This statement is interesting insofar as Bulgarians recognize that they are not entitled to the rest of Greek Macedonia, although it does not indicate the grounds on which the Bulgarian title to Eastern Macedonia is established.

Mr. J. D. Bouchier, who with Mr. Brailsford is the usual mouthpiece of Bulgarian claims before the English-speaking public, was so good as to explain in a recent magazine article that Kavalla should have gone to Bulgaria "for commercial reasons." He does not state, however, what those "commercial reasons" are.

That the principle of nationality is dropped in the case of Eastern Macedonia is easily explained by the well-known fact that in the districts of Drama-Kavalla, Bulgarian nationality may be said not to exist (the Bulgarians constitute one and one-half per cent. of the whole population).

Neither Mr. Radoslavoff, however, nor Mr. Bouchier favors us with an explanation of the grounds on which

Serres is claimed. Surely, it is not on commercial grounds? Is it on ethnological grounds then? If so, how can we explain the burning of Serres by the Bulgarians in 1913, and the almost complete extermination of its inhabitants between the years 1916-1918? The report of the investigation by the University of Athens proves, on the basis of official documents, that when the Bulgarians entered Serres (August, 1916), the population was between 22,000 and 24,000, and that when they fled after their recent defeat (September, 1918), the population had decreased to 3,500. The population which had disappeared died either of starvation, or was deported to Bulgaria where it was decimated by hunger and exhaustion.

The investigation shows that what happened at Serres took place throughout Eastern Macedonia. A great London morning paper summing up the situation declared that the Bulgarians have "outhunned the Huns;" it might have said that they have *outhamided* Sultan Abdul Hamid.

It is not my purpose to enlarge here on the unspeakable Bulgarian atrocities. Americans who wish to learn details may apply to the Interallied International Commission, which has just finished its investigation, or to the members of the American Red Cross Committee, who have been on the spot since the retreat of the Bulgarian army and who have done so much to relieve the terrible sufferings of the unfortunate population.

All that I want to show is that the behavior of the Bulgarians would have been different in Eastern Macedonia if this province had been Bulgarian.

III.

On the eve of the Treaty of Bucharest, the victorious Greek forces were holding Central Macedonia, east of the Axios (Vardar), and the Aegean coasts of Thrace.

Always loyal to the principle of nationality, Mr. Venizelos declared that he was ready to evacuate Central Macedonia but insisted on keeping Thrace.

In his Memorandum to the Peace Congress of 1919, he states that he was compelled to drop his claim for this province, owing to "strong pressure." This alludes mainly to Russia, which was anxious to keep Greece away from Constantinople, and to Austria, which had already concluded

an alliance with Bulgaria.¹ This explains why, now that Austria and Russia have disappeared, the Congress at Paris has not opposed the Greek claims upon Thrace. The *London Times* was able, as early as the sixth of April, 1919, to announce, on official authority, that the Peace Congress had accepted the boundary proposed by Mr. Venizelos which gives to Greece Thrace, south of the River Arda, on condition that a commercial outlet be given on the Aegean.

If I were aiming only at supporting the claims of my country to this province, it would be unnecessary for me to add anything more, now, when Greece has been given satisfaction on this point. I desire, however, to show that by the Treaty of Bucharest Greece and not Bulgaria was wronged.

According to the official census, in Thrace, where there is a total population of 2,200,646, there are only 112,000 Bulgarians, who are inferior in number not only to the Greeks and the Turks but even to the Armenians. (183, 253). The only regions in which they are somewhat more compact are those north of the River Arda, upon which Greece lays no claim. In the other regions, they are an infinitesimal part (69,000 or three per cent) of the total population.

This numerical weakness the Bulgarians officially admitted in 1912. At that time it became necessary to co-operate, in view of the elections against the Ottomanizing programme of the Committee of Union and Progress. It was agreed between the Greeks and the Bulgarians, under the auspices of the Oecumenical Patriarchate, and the Bulgarian Exarchate, that their coalition in Thrace would support seven Greek candidates as against only one Bulgarian candidate.

The single Bulgarian Deputy provided by the Treaty was to sit for the Northern district. In the region south of the Arda the Bulgarians are numerically so weak that, despite their occupation since 1913, all its deputies to the Sobranie have been Turks. These gentlemen, sixteen in number, on the 31st of December 1919 signed an address to General Franchet d'Esperey, Commander-in-Chief of

¹ The text of the treaty was published recently (March 1919) by the *Journal des Débats*, the leading Paris newspaper. It was signed on September 1913. Yet the Entente was credulous enough to believe until September 1915 that Bulgaria would not attack Serbia!

the Allied armies in the Near East, which may be summarized as follows:

The Mussulman deputies begin by observing "that western Thrace is peopled by Mussulman Turks, a Greek minority *and some Bulgars.*" They declare that "it is impossible for their compatriots to live under Bulgarian rule, in view of the entire lack of tolerance on the part of the Bulgars towards all those among their subjects who are not of their own race, and the frequent abuses and vexations practised by the Bulgars which are unworthy of a civilized nation." They indicate that their protests to the Sobranie have but "served to bring about the demolition of the only Turkish mosque which existed in Sofia;" and that, "if the abuses continue and increase, it is not impossible that the latent irritation which is felt in Thrace will break out against the oppressors." Under these circumstances the deputies demand an occupation by Allied troops. They add:

It is desirable that Hellenic troops should participate in this occupation, seeing that the Greeks of Thrace have experienced the same vexations as ourselves; *that the Hellenes have always shown themselves generous towards us, that theirs is a nation with whom we can live on very good terms,* and that they could, at the same time as their allies, protect us from the oppression of the Bulgars.

In a letter of the same date (December 31, 1918) the Turkish deputies ask Mr. Venizelos "to intervene in their behalf in the manner they indicate."

This document proving the Bulgarians accorded no better treatment to the Turks than to the Greeks, had no little influence on the decision by which, in Paris, the Greek claims to Thrace were recognized.

But it must be pointed out that military consideration also, and the desire to avoid new wars in the future, have pleaded in favor of Greece.

Bulgaria's presence in the littoral of Thrace has ever meant the splitting of Hellenism in two, since, by the development of the submarine, the presence of Bulgaria in the Aegean might paralyze Greek mobilization.

It is argued that Thrace should be given to Bulgaria in order to prevent another war. Such a concession will, in fact, be the cause of new conflicts. Let us overlook, for a moment, the persecution of the Greek element under the Bulgarians, and the constant irritation of the Greeks on

this account. Can we also overlook the fact that Hellenism, cut in two, will tend to reunite? Even if the Greeks should give up their rights, the Bulgarians, feeling that their submarines could easily paralyze Greek mobilization, would not resist the temptation to let loose a war in which the initial advantages would all be on their side. None who knows the way Bulgaria entered the war in 1913 and in 1915, will doubt this. The danger of Bulgarian submarines in the Aegean is even greater when we consider that the Bulgarians are in the habit of launching attacks by irregulars, for whose actions they can readily deny all responsibility.¹ A dozen or so submarines, run by *comitadjis*, would be enough to spread disorder in the Greek seas.

Against our overwhelming ethnological strategic and diplomatic arguments, the Bulgarians have been able to oppose only what Mr. Bouchier calls "commercial necessity." But to this ample satisfaction has been given by the offering of a commercial outlet under the auspices of the League of Nations, as mentioned above. Mr. Venizelos, always over-anxious to conciliate the Bulgarians, did not hesitate to give them for such an outlet the choice of Dedeagatch, Kavalla or Saloniki.

A statesman of a less conciliatory temper would have observed that Roumania, a friend and practically an ally of Greece, has not claimed such an outlet, although the Roumanian coast on the Black Sea is one-third as extensive as the Bulgarian one.

He would, moreover, have reminded the Conferences that Bulgaria came into the possession of that stretch of land on the Black Sea, at the expense of Hellenism, as, when it was granted to Bulgaria, it was inhabited almost exclusively by Greeks, to whom the Great Powers then guaranteed special religious and educational autonomy.

This fact is of some importance. The Bulgarians always speak to foreigners of their kinsmen in the Roumanian Dobrudja. But they avoid every reference to the Greeks of the Euxine, included in Bulgaria by the Treaty of Berlin. Their silence on this subject is certainly not to be attributed to their ignorance of the facts. This

¹ In this fashion have they fought the Turks, attacked the Greek army at Pargaean in May 1913, and blown up the bridges on the Vardar (November 1914). This last action coincided with the first great Austrian offensive and was aimed at preventing Greek guns and ammunitions from going to the Serbs. Fortunately the explosion was late.

is how, in December of 1904, a Bulgarian newspaper (*The Coast*) described the situation. I quote from a translation of it which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* of London (September 1905, p. 386):

From the Rumanian to the Turkish frontier, one finds on the coast of the Black Sea but three Bulgarian settlements: Siavla, St. Nicolas and Kioprou; even the inhabitants of these villages are emigrants from Turkey.

For the rest, the coast is inhabited from Kavarna to Varna by Greeks speaking Turkish, but nonetheless fanatic and ready to volunteer for the Hellenic navy. From Varna to Pyrgos the littoral is Greek, with the exclusion of Galata, which is a Turkish village. Messivria and Anchialos are purely Greek cities. The Bulgarian schools of Anchialos cost 25,000 francs per annum and contain five pupils. The remainder of the coast from Pyrgos to the Turkish frontier, again with the exception of some Mussulman settlements, contains a population which is Greek and fanatic.

Of course, these Greek populations, which, by the way, suffered so dreadfully in August of 1906, when Anchialos was burned to the ground, are lost forever to Greece. But their loss confirms what I have said before, that in the case of Greece versus Bulgaria, it is Greece that has a right to complain of the non-application of the principle of nationality.

IV.

The conclusion is obvious. Bulgaria has no ground for complaint. Her conduct in 1915-1918 deserves very severe punishment. She has escaped, however, practically unscathed. In spite of the fact that Greece has twice defeated Bulgaria, more Greeks will be included in Bulgaria than Bulgarians in Greece.

It is true that the Bulgaria of tomorrow will be smaller than Roumania, Serbia or Greece. But no injustice is done, the Bulgarians being numerically smaller than any other Christian Balkan people. The entire Bulgarian race consists of from four and a half to five millions, whereas the Roumanian race numbers fifteen millions, the Serbian twelve, and the Greek eight-and-a-half millions.

With the break-up of Turkey and Austria, Greece and Serbia obtain territorial enlargements proportionate to the numbers of their respective peoples. Bulgaria will become a third-rate state in the Near East. This is a situation

which she has not as yet been able to stomach. Every satisfaction given to the just claims of the other Christian Balkan States appears to Bulgaria as an injustice done to her. Hence, the treacherous attacks of 1913 and 1915. As an offsetting circumstance, however, it should be noticed here that the "boundless ambition" of Bulgaria, which for the last forty years has been the stumbling block to a Balkan Federation, is partly the outcome of Russian diplomacy. The Czars would have won immortal glory and permanent influence, if they had aimed at the liberation of all the Eastern Christian races. But the blind Russian autocracy, indifferent to moral influence, sought territorial expansion, and especially Constantinople. It was suspicious both of the Serbs and of the Greeks, peoples comparatively numerous, who had shown their spirit of independence by continual uprisings against the Turks.

Hence, the Treaty of San Stephano created an exaggerated Bulgaria, at the expense of the other Christians in the Balkans.

Beaconsfield and Bismarck, instead of righting this wrong, endeavored only to save the Sultan. That is why both the Treaties of San Stephano and of Berlin have been styled great political crimes. Nearly all the Bulgarians were emancipated, while only a small portion of the Greek and Serbian races were made free. And thus, for many decades, although the Bulgarian race is equal to one-half the Greek race, and to one-third the Serbian, the Bulgarian Kingdom was nearly double that of Greece, as well as of Serbia.

Now, if we want justice and peace to reign in the Balkans, Sofia must be made to understand that the traditions of Russian and Austrian diplomacy have been wiped out, and that the Great Democratic nations cannot befriend Bulgaria at the expense of the legitimate rights of their Balkan allies.

A. ANDREADES.

FULLER LIBERTY FOR INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

IN the days when I was Assistant Magistrate in Murshidabad, I remember a certain camping ground in the cool heart of a mango grove. The lucid air was full of the cooing of turtle doves; golden orioles flashed through the dense green of the branches; gray squirrels chattered like Bengali schoolboys. Our tents, white pyramids mottled with deep shadows, had come to that remote outland in order that I might hold elections for the District Board.

After a ride in the cool of dewy morn, a soul-refreshing shower bath, and tea and toast served by my scarlet-turbaned butler, I drove along a road already blistered by the sunshine to the neighboring thana—that is, a rural police headquarters—where the elections were to be held. A crowd was already there, squatted in Oriental fashion in the blots of shadow beneath the trees of the thana garden; dark brown cultivators, almost black—for there is a great deal of Dravidian blood in East Bengal—girt about the loins with a strip of cotton, smoking their clay hookahs in supreme content. Seated on the veranda of the thana was a little group of “bhadra lok,” Bengali gentlemen, as they love to call themselves, who rose and greeted me with some ceremony:

“Your Honor’s body how is?” That is the correct thing in high Bengali; my Honor’s soul being presumed to be in a state of grace. The cultivators, who had promptly risen to their feet, in their greeting, with profuse bows, applied to me such flattering terms as “Umbrella of the Poor! Incarnation of Virtue!”

Standing on the well shaded veranda, with the Bengali gentlemen at my right and the Police Sub-Inspector at my left, I made the assembled voters a little speech in my best Bengali, beginning with the equivalent for “Gentle-

men! . . .” at which the cultivators nudged each other in some perturbation; I doubt whether the “bhadra lok” were altogether pleased.

I told them that the Government—which they still call “The Company,” though the East India Company has been dead these sixty years—solicitous for their welfare, and eager to bestow upon them a larger measure of self-government, had decreed the organization of an elected Board for every District—that is, for some million or so of dusky souls—and that they had been summoned, on that November morning, to select, of their own free choice, some one of themselves, in whom they had confidence, to represent their group of villages upon that Board. Other groups of villages would do the like; then the elected personages, meeting together at the Sudder Station—the District metropolis at Berhampore—would assume control of certain things throughout the District: such as roads and bridges, hospitals and schools, levying, for that purpose, a light tax, according to their discretion, to pay the bills.

There was much concerned whispering among the assembled rice-growers. Finally a spokesman came forward with a profound obeisance, which signified that his neck was beneath my instep. We deprecate that sort of thing, but it is bred in the Oriental bone; you might as well try to stop the Ganges.

“Whom does your Honor wish us to elect?” The spokesman came to the point at once, while the “bhadra lok” cast their eyes down in conscious merit.

I explained, in such Bengali as was available for so un-Oriental an expression, that that was up to them. The Government, in its benign wisdom, wished them to choose according to their liking. It was to be a genuine election, wholly uncontrolled. Then I sat down and left them to think it over.

The “bhadra lok” also sat down, after a courteous interval, and Bhangshi Babu, on my immediate right, opened a flowery conversation about the weather, the prospects of the rice crop, the flood that had recently swamped the District. Bhangshi Babu was a Brahman with fine Roman features, and owner of a large patchwork estate dappled over a score of villages—the outcome of their inheritance laws. There was a thread of self-consciousness running through his talk, the meaning of which was presently re-

vealed. For, after much whispered consultation among dusky groups, where sluggish mental action was stimulated by much hookah smoking, till the air was full of acrid fumes, the spokesman came forward again with another salaam:

"May we elect Bhangshi Babu, Protector of the Poor?" And that Bengali gentleman looked down, but there was the wraith of a smile in his fine Brahmanic eyes.

I was not there to electioneer for him or anyone, even though of quintessential Brahman blood, so I explained that they could choose whom they pleased, whether Bhangshi Babu or another. I do not think the Bengali gentleman was quite pleased. But he said:

"I can understand! Such a sentiment is acceptable—between friends!"

After a few more words of consultation, interrupted by "Ha!" the Bengali equivalent of "Yes!" the spokesman returned:

"We think we had better choose Bhangshi Babu, Protector of the Poor!"

So I shook hands with the successful candidate, and the thing was done.

There is the rub, when it comes to self-government for India. The danger, and every Anglo-Indian recognizes it, is, that we may put back into power the Brahmanical hierarchy which, by all the wiles of priestcraft, by organizing aboriginal idol-worship and blood-sacrifices, by astrology and "miracles," has held the lowlier races of India enslaved, body and soul, these three thousand years. Even the English-speaking Masters of Art of Calcutta University, after their graduation, go back to temples reeking with the blood of bulls and goats, and chant Vedic mantras before hideous idols. Exactly so far does their study of Mill and Huxley emancipate them. And this, in flat defiance of the fact that all the best of their sacred books sternly condemn this evil ambition and its instruments, black superstition and idolatry, the things against which the Buddha made his heroic protest. But long centuries ago, the dark Brahmanical reaction drove the Buddha's followers out of India.

Nevertheless the British trustees for the welfare of India continue to do all things in their power to advance the natives of that many-colored congeries of peoples along the

path of real liberty. Beginning with the village-community, oldest of all political institutions, the British have carefully fostered what there is in it of self-government. The people of these clustered mud huts thatched with reeds, that are dotted over the vast immensity of the rice-fields, are encouraged to elect their Commissions of Five, their Panchayets, for the conservation of village law and order; the five must choose, equip, drill and pay the chowkidars—the village watchmen—who, with aboriginal boar-spears not changed at all in shape since the age of bronze, police the dust or mud by-ways of the villages. It was one of my duties, while out in camp, to assemble and review these blue-clad chowkidars and, a vital thing for them, to ascertain, from the little note-book that each of them carried, that they were promptly and regularly paid. The organization of the District Board I have already outlined. In the main, it works well, though it is wholly in the hands of the “bhadrā lok.” And there is a like organization, on a smaller scale, for the Sub-divisions, some half-dozen of which make up the District. In general, the chief official of the Sub-division is a native magistrate, a Bengali gentleman, who has had his training at the Sudder Station; but I suppose every Covenanted Civilian in India has had an apprenticeship in a Sub-division also; I among them,—having sole responsibility for some 300,000 dusky souls, keeping the peace among them, settling their feuds, gathering taxes distributed in the main for their benefit, and clapping the disorderly in jail.

The next self-governing unit is the municipality, the larger or smaller town. Of these there are, I believe, some 700,000 in India, with a population of eighteen or twenty millions. And in every municipal council, without exception, the majority consists of natives of India, freely elected; in many, all the members are natives. To realize how far this great reform goes, we must keep in mind that these municipalities include the Civil Stations, the houses of the British officials and European residents, who thus freely put into the hands of the natives the care of their own health and lives and, what counts far more, the health of their wives and children, in that exceedingly menacing climate. But it goes without saying that the municipal councilmen have the good sense to recognize that western modes of sanitation are better than their own, and, in gen-

eral, they carefully apply them. Generally; not invariably. When I was in charge at Kandi Sub-division, we had an epidemic of cholera. A deputation of the "bhadra lok"—it is always the "bhadra lok"; the great multitude of "chota lok," lesser people, are wholly inarticulate—well, the "bhadra lok" came to me, asking me to set a police guard about a certain little tank, dotted with blue water-lilies, from which they draw their drinking water, to keep it from pollution; for cholera is always spread by bad drinking water. This I did—and then discovered that these same "bhadra lok" were bribing my policemen, to let them bathe in that secluded tank, from which they then proceeded to drink. So there befell what is called, in more favored lands, a shake-up in the police force . . . But that, I think, was a rare exception.

The municipalities, like the District Boards, work fairly well, but—absolutely all power remains in the hands of the oligarchy; through deeply ingrained psychological causes, so far as the lowly masses are concerned freedom of election is a dead letter. To change that, you must change the souls of 300,000,000; and High Heaven has not accomplished that in all these millenniums. But the British in India continue to hope, and to try.

We have considered the District, with its population averaging, perhaps, a million souls. These Districts are largely administered by well-paid native officials, under British control; in the courts and offices at the Sudder Station, there are, perhaps, fifty natives for each British official; and, in general, they do their work with honest effectiveness, though there are some great rascals among the native police. Every little while are disclosed ugly police "extortion cases," and "torture cases." But these again, I think, are the exception. The Districts, each with its million inhabitants and its little metropolis at the Sudder Station, are gathered in groups of ten, to form a Division, under a Commissioner. Five or six of these Divisions make up a Province, or, as the more venerable Provinces are called, a Presidency, under a Governor or a Lieutenant-Governor. Some dozen Provinces make up the whole of British India—that is, the part of India under immediate British rule. Its area is just over a million square miles. Before we consider the degree to which Home Rule already exists in these larger

aggregates of Districts, let us, in order to illustrate one of the difficulties of Indian Government, an almost insuperable difficulty in the way of applying representative institutions—let us draw a comparison:

The Indian Empire—British and native India taken together—covers about 1,800,000 square miles; say, an area equal to that of the United States, if we omit the eight largest States. Our remaining forty States, then, have just the area of the Indian Empire, though India has nearly four times their total population. Now let us imagine that each of these forty States had a distinct language of its own, as widely separated, some of them, as ancient Hebrew is from English, or as Finnish is from Italian, and each of these forty tongues representing, in the last analysis, a difference of race, of history, of tradition; we should have something like the real situation in India. A Parliament genuinely representing these forty mutually unintelligible tongues would make Babel mere child's play. Yet that is just what a general Parliament in India, if it were genuinely representative, would have to face.

I have spoken of forty races in India. Again, let me try to illustrate. Take the four extreme types we know here: American, Red Indian, Chinese, Negro. They would only be four dots along the line of Indian races; for the Brahmans are of the same Aryan racestock as the Americans; the Red Rajputs—the lordliest race in India, and one of the finest races in the world—are remote cousins of the higher tribes of Red Men, like the Arapaho or the Cheyenne; the so-called Kolarian races in India are close to the Chinese; while all the Dravidian races, totalling 60,000,000 are black. But America at once meets obstacles, when it is a question of representing only one-fourth that number of the black race; while tribal Red Indians have no political rights among us, and Chinamen can have no rights; a reminder of the complexity of our own problem, which is infinitely simpler than India's problem. To make the picture more complete, I should add, to yawning chasms of race, a half-dozen jealous religions, and the dead weight of the caste system, which rests, ultimately, upon age-old difference of race. One sometimes hears Americans ask why the British trustees for India do not abolish caste. The answer is, first, that this would be a violation of a cardinal principle of the British trusteeship: never to

interfere in matters of religion, except where, as in widow-burning, these violate the criminal law. But there is a far deeper reason: I have spoken of four race types, white, red, yellow, black, in India. But these are the original "Four Castes," which are called, in Sanskrit, the "Four Colors." And I do not think that anyone has found a way to abolish difference of color—or the far deeper psychological, moral and mental differences which difference of color covers.

If the men of these many hues were exact equivalents of each other in wisdom, force, aggressiveness, power of self-defence, there would be no great obstacle in the way of a chequered Parliament, odd and picturesque as it would unquestionably look. But the trouble in India—and it is the real justification for the British trusteeship—is, that the Indian races are not anything like equal, most of all in the power of self-protection. There is, on the one hand, the Brahman oligarchy, as determined as ever to enslave all India, and, on the other, a small group of conquering races, like the Mahometan invaders (Arabs, Persians, Afghans, Mongols), or like the predatory Mahrattas of the central hills. If Britain abandoned India, to-morrow, the Brahman oligarchy would be back in power the day after; but, on the third day, the Mahometan and Mahratta warriors would be slitting Brahmanical throats; on the fourth day, they would try to cut each others' throats—exactly as they were doing, when the British came. Or, if their manners are now more mild, this simply marks what the British trusteeship has accomplished since Plassey, in 1757.

When we come to the larger aggregates, the Provinces and Presidencies, and the question of representative institutions for them, this race question instantly leaps into high relief. And the British administrators have been seeking a way for its solution, ever since the old East India Company was superseded. Some ten years ago, a definite stage of the way was marked by the Indian Councils Act of 1909 which, like the Constitutions of the Dominions, is an act of the British Parliament. This act gives each of the larger Provinces (I include the three older Presidencies) two Councils, in a way corresponding to our two Houses of Congress. The smaller is an Executive Council, which always includes native members; the larger is a Legislative Council, averaging 50 members; the majority, in each of these, is unofficial, and most of the unofficial members are

natives of India. But, precisely to safeguard the rights of minorities—of the lesser peoples and the lower castes—these native Members of Council are appointed, not elected. If they were all elected, they would all be chosen from the Brahman oligarchy; and their counsels, to say the least, would not be favorable to men of other faiths and castes. So the British method is in reality far fairer, far more genuinely representative. I believe that the wish of the Government to extend the native membership of the Legislative Councils, and, perhaps, to make some of them elective, was the motive of the recent journey of the Secretary for India to the East. To complete this part of my theme, I need only add that the Governor General has likewise his two Councils, for all British India; natives sit on both; and, in the larger, the Legislative Council of some 70 members, special care is given to the equitable representation of native minorities. Here, as at every point in India, the danger is that, in the name of freedom, we may injure the reality of freedom. And visitors to India are under the risk of real deception here. In India, only one in every thousand speaks English, and this minute minority belongs almost wholly to the old oligarchies. But the visitor can talk only to these, who have their own purposes to serve, and who, for these purposes, are apt in the use of phrases like "Home Rule." What they really want, I am afraid, is—the rule of India by themselves, strongly entrenched by the superstition of the masses, who would find themselves once more the slaves of the strongest and subtlest priestcraft in the world. Therefore the British trustees are justified in going slow. . . .

I have given two discrepant figures for the area of India: 1,000,000 and 1,800,000 square miles. The first is the area of British India, directly administered by the Covenanted Civil Service; the second includes the whole Indian Empire. With the difference, some 800,000 square miles, we have now very briefly to deal. It contains the Native States, which are, in their way, a signal victory of administrative skill and a striking illustration of the genius for conservation, which so marks the Indian Empire. In these Native States, the trustees of India have applied this principle: to conserve the genius, the historical tradition, the indigenous institutions as perfectly as possible, while removing certain abuses and assuring public and private

security. And the treatment has been different in every State.

Let us again make a comparison: The total area of these Native States is roughly equal to the area of the United States east of the Mississippi. If each of the States between the Mississippi and the Atlantic were divided into two, we should have about the number of India's Native States, which range in size from one-half larger than Georgia to one-quarter of Rhode Island. And each has its own indigenous Government, most have their own language. Take such a State as Hyderabad in Southern India, as large as Great Britain. It is a fragment of the old Mogul Empire, with a Mahometan ruling house, though most of the inhabitants are Hindus. Kashmir, just the same size, has a largely Mahometan population, with a Hindu ruling house. Mysore, south of Hyderabad, is the most Brahmanical State in India, the center of the tradition of Shankaracharya and the Vedanta. And Shankaracharya, a competent critic has said, is the intellectual equal of Plato or Kant, with all of Kant's closeknit reason, and with much of Plato's artistic grace; one of the greatest intellects, therefore, that humanity has ever produced. If you seek a State moulded on his ideals, you will find it in Mysore. Then there are the ancient Rajput houses, going back almost to Homeric times, and now safeguarded and preserved by the same administrative principle. And, in sharp contrast, the modern Mahratta princes, who sprang into power just before the English came. They too have been conserved. And just these Native States have shown what they think of the British trusteeship, by raising and equipping fine forces for the Allied cause.

No one will say that the present rulers of India have not made mistakes. No one will say that their motives have been invariably right. But this one may say: on the whole, they have gained a magnificent success; on the whole, they have maintained a high ideal of justice and of honor.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN THE COLLEGES

BY T. J. BAKER

WERE the noted foreign writers who recently came to this country to do homage to the great spirit of Lowell on the occasion of the centennial of his birth, to be told that in his own country this typically American poet was not considered worth the serious attention of the college undergraduate they would be not a little surprised and puzzled. Yet such is the case. In our leading universities not only Lowell but other American writers are quite neglected, or at best are given secondary consideration. The youth who wishes to imbibe the spirit of Poe or Whittier, or Emerson or Bryant must interpret for himself the writings of these exponents of the nation's life and history, for in his college work he will find them brushed aside for the study of more favored foreign writers.

In one of our best known universities, an institution whose Faculty contains one of the foremost living American men of letters, there is offered no course whatsoever, graduate or undergraduate, upon the literature of this country. Were it not for the cursory study of a few favored Americans in courses upon the general field of letters, this college would seem to be oblivious to the very existence of a national literature. Of the hundreds of splendid young men who leave its halls each year to take their places in the life of the nation, few indeed are acquainted with the *Biglow Papers*, *Leaves of Grass*, the *Commemoration Ode* or other great works inextricably interwoven with the spirit and history of America.

Everywhere the story is the same; our own authors are neglected for the minute study of foreign writers. In a prominent New England university, which numbers its matriculates by the thousand, there is given but one course

upon the field of American letters, a two hour course, "omitted in 1917-1918," which begins with Franklin and concludes with the writers of today. Another institution which feels it unnecessary to offer more than two general half-term courses on the national literature, gives its students the opportunity of devoting their attention to such offerings as the Arthurian Legends, Dante in English, Early English Literary Types, Layamon's *Brut*.

An examination of the catalogues of all the large Eastern colleges reveals not one course on the American poets, not one on the American novelists, not one on American essayists. Although courses on Chaucer, Wordsworth, Spencer and Milton are common, apparently Emerson, to whom Professor Bliss Perry devotes a half term at Harvard, is the only American deemed worthy of careful study.

This unfortunate state of affairs is in large part accounted for by the common misconception that American literature is a part of English literature, and must always and inevitably continue to be so. "Of course," says one critic, "when we consider it carefully we cannot fail to see that the literature of a language is one and indivisible and that the nativity or the domicile of those who make it matters nothing. Just as Alexandrian literature is Greek, so American literature is English; and as Theocritus demands inclusion in any account of Greek literature, so Thoreau cannot be omitted from any history of English literature as a whole."

It needs no deep analysis to see that this is a mere quibble. Surely it should not be necessary to point out that writing in English does not necessarily make one an English writer. If by English literature is meant all works written in the English language, then one must include in it the productions of Whitman and Mark Twain and Hawthorne and Emerson. If our conception of literature is confined to the vehicle of expression, to words and sentences, then American literature has no existence and our colleges are quite right in devoting their attention to the most noted writers in English, irrespective of their domicile or of the theme of their works.

But if we accept as correct the point of view which defines literature as the reflection and the reproduction of the life of a people, there is an American literature, distinct and apart from the literature of England, and worthy of our

attention and study. If the life of the American people is worth understanding, the exponents of that life cannot be neglected in our centers of culture and education. If the simple heart of old New England, with its devoutness, its frugality, its wholesomeness is still a matter of interest to the nation which owes so much to it, one cannot relegate to obscurity the writings of Whittier and Holmes and Howells and Lowell; if we are to understand the spirit of the old South, the spirit which gave us Washington and Madison, we must know Timrod and Lanier and Thomas Nelson Page.

In colonial days, when as a part of the great British Empire, we looked to London for our spiritual as well as our political leadership, it may properly be said that we had no distinctive literature. In a very true sense we were not Americans, but Englishmen living in America. Great significance, and not a little pathos, attaches to the fact that far into the Eighteenth Century our forefathers invariably referred to the mother country as home. To England they looked for political direction and for military defense, from England came the books they read, the clothing they wore, often the very furniture of their houses. For them London was the center of refinement and culture and learning, the great sun in the Anglo-Saxon planetary system which gave life and light to the lesser colonial bodies. There can be no surprise then that so long as we remained a part of the British Empire we should fail to develop a literature that we could call our own. In a very real sense there was no America; how could there be an American literature?

But the colonial period has long since past. For a century and a half we have been an independent nation, a nation different from England, a nation with its own distinctive characteristics. It is absurd to contend that England and America have had parallel growths since the signing of the Treaty of Paris in 1783, that our common ancestry and the use of a common language have preserved in the two peoples identical feelings and ideals and passions and aspirations, that, in short, the literature of the one people could suffice to interpret and reflect the life of the other.

The great throbbing civilization to which we belong is a thing apart from that of any other nation. It is born not alone of our English descent, of our English institutions

and traditions, our English language, but of the unique conditions which surround us here upon this continent, of the frontier life through which our fathers passed, of the New England farm, of the Southern plantation, of the civil strife which rent us, of the vast industrial development of the past century, of the great stream of immigrants that beats upon our shores, of the ideals of liberty that were embodied in our Constitution and perfected in the political growth of the nation. All these have made us a separate people, have given birth to that thing indefinable but perfectly distinct, the American spirit. Our idealism, our love of liberty, our overpowering vitality, our directness, some would say our rudeness, are not British, they are American, the product of our own life and development.

Were this American spirit a thing unworthy of the attention of other peoples, were it incapable of exercising a deep influence upon the world at large, were it dull, uninteresting, unprogressive, colorless, still it would be our own, and so deserving our study. The first duty of any people is to know themselves.

But the American spirit is not dull or reactionary, it is not entirely local in its influence. It is a mighty thing which fills our own land with life irrepressible and bubbles over to lend itself to all the nations of the world. The American spirit is today a mighty force. What was it but this spirit which brought us into the war upon the side of liberty and justice? What but this that sent 2,000,000 men across the ocean to strike the deciding blow in the greatest conflict of all history? What is it but this that has made America today undisputed leader among the nations; that makes one speak of the Americanizing of Europe, of the future as the American age?

In the field of history and politics and economics there has been no neglect in our colleges of things American. The teacher of these subjects apparently has had a better understanding of his opportunities. He has without apology directed the mind of the student to the development of his own country, and emphasized its importance both for him and for the world. He dwells upon the rich field of American political growth, upon the development of those vast industrial forces which have made us so powerful and rich, upon the transformation of a provincial people into a great world Power.

But the teacher of literature is beset with inexplicable timidity. Before his mind are always the overshadowing figures of Shakespeare and Milton and Chaucer. He dares not make his declaration of independence, dares not proclaim aloud his allegiance to American literature because it is American. He does not realize that he may acknowledge frankly his country's good fortune in sharing in the rich literary heritage that our English forefathers have left us, and yet emphasize the existence, in fact the vital importance, of a literature of our own.

We fancy that this universal neglect of our own writers which finds its reflection in the college curricula is not a little the result of the whims of that creature whom we call the intellectual snob. The good gray poets of New England have been in the past too much the common property of all to suit his fancy. He could earn no especial distinction by an acquaintance with writers known to every schoolboy, writers whose faces adorned the walls of every humble American home. His superior intellect, finding food only in the music of Swinburne or the beauties of Rossetti, scorned the shallow offerings of Longfellow and Bryant and Holmes. The pernicious results of this movement, for it has assumed the proportions of a movement, have been destructive to the prestige of American literature. Two decades ago no educated American was unacquainted with the great American writers; one who reads and loves them today is the object of condescending pity.

What we need in this matter is a breath of wholesome common sense. We must know American literature, not to garner material for displays of superior culture, not even to garner the beauties which it undoubtedly contains, but in order to know ourselves. If the proper study of mankind is man, the proper study of Americans is America. Unless our universities rise to a clear understanding of this truth, they will fail signally in their duty to the nation and to the youth who enter their doors.

T. J. BAKER.

DEMOBILIZATION AND STATE POLICE

BY KATHERINE MAYO

"WHAT do you think? Have you heard how it is over there? Say, will there be jobs for us when we get home?"

These are the invariable questions fired at any civilian newcomer to the A. E. F. Embarkation Camps in France. Yet, give the eager-eyed lads who put them a moment more, and almost as invariably they will add:

"But I don't want my old job back, though."

"Why not?"

"Oh—I don't just know—But I don't. And indoor work would kill me for fair."

They don't want "the same old job." They want, they don't know what, but something new, something free, something alive with the savor of life.

It is simply the normal reaction of the hour. Our Civil War bore the same fruit in hosts of young men whose first essay into the world had been so highly emotionalized—so crammed with strange, extreme experience as to make all former channels of activity seem blank and dead. Some had the grit to see and overcome their crisis. Some lounged aimlessly through the rest of life. Some spent a costly interval eating husks with swine. And not a few went utterly to the bad for lack of that protection that a wiser State might have thrown about their paths.

Week by week, now, day by day, the human flood is sweeping back upon America. The old order has passed, though some of us will never find it out while yet its shrivelled corpse knocks about, unburied, in the road. What do we mean to do for the young men that come home to us? Give them a welcoming parade or two and then a chance to drop back into ancient harness? Unsettled as they are, in reaction, mental and nervous, from the long

strain so gallantly endured, do we toss them blindly into the old life and leave them to drift as luck may guide? Those who have been with the colors overseas know all too well what such a course will cost in wasted life—in delayed restoration of the civic equilibrium.

"I don't want the same old job!" says the lad. No doubt the day will come when that same old job will look good to him. But meantime, through no fault or choice of his own, his thoughts stray, groping. And meantime the Bolsheviks in the land, striped every kind of yellow, make their hideous secret war upon him. Vice in every form, under every mask, goes hunting him. And this in his own home—in the house of his friends.

"But," it is urged, "the returning soldier is no weakling, to be coddled. He will stand on his own two feet, protected by the law that protects us all alike."

That depends entirely on where his two feet rest. Laws protect nobody unless they are enforced. Certain States in the Union, honorably accepting their duty, have equipped themselves with means to carry the respect and protection of the law throughout their territory, even to the remotest parts. In our remaining Commonwealths, however, no such thing exists as a law everywhere equally enforced—a law that equally protects all people.

As applied to such governments, the term "Sovereign State" is grandiose nonsense. A State that continues to enact laws, yet provides for itself no sufficient means to exact obedience thereto, is like some old gabbler crone scolding unheeded in the corner, mumbling toothless jaws.

Pennsylvania, fourteen years ago, earned the respect and gratitude of the nation by the creation of a State Police Force whose spotless record through succeeding years not only has won it world-wide fame but has established the priceless truth that a fearless, close-knit, single-purposed and incorruptible body of men may attain, as public servants, practical perfection.

New York, after long and careful study of Pennsylvania's example, demanded of her legislators the same service that her sister State enjoys. And in 1917 New York's creative act, almost exactly copied from that of Pennsylvania, became law. Since that time five Western and Southern States have followed the two great Eastern leaders, making a total of eleven States now possessing

State Police Forces. In ten other States the establishment of State Police Departments is under active consideration.

Michigan, it is interesting to observe, created her Department as a War measure. But so essential has its work proved to the general welfare that the State Legislature of 1919 has now erected Michigan's State Police into a permanency.

On March 22, 1919, Tennessee papers printed an appeal to the Governor and Legislature of Tennessee that their State Police Bill, then pending, be made law. This appeal was presented by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Says one journal, in referring to it:

It is stated in the memorial that lynching in the South has reached a climax; that it would appear that the law had lost its sanctity; and it charges that the confession of the citizens that lynching cannot be prevented is but to say that the people are incapable of self-government. The memorial concludes by appealing to Governor Roberts to give his support to the Police Bill.

The appeal is made in the name of 200,000 black people of Tennessee, "in the name of righteousness, justice and fair play; in the name of the honor of the State, and in the name of the soldiers who bled and died to make the world a better place to live in."

That the State provided with an efficient State Police is a better place for the returning soldier to live in, as well as a safer place in which to leave his family while he serves his country overseas, may safely be deduced from the mere arrest figures of the New York State Troopers as shown in the annual tables for 1918. The New York State Troopers, having taken the field only in September, 1917, are, as an organization, yet in the formative period. And they number only four troops, or two hundred and thirty-two men. Yet their records for the year ending with December, 1918, show 3,750 arrests, for 67 types of offense, with 84 per cent convictions, 10 per cent of the cases pending, and only 6 per cent discharges.

While the creation of the New York Department of Police was still a matter of debate, much contemptuous humor found voice, here and there, as to the possible usefulness of two hundred and twenty-odd mounted patrolmen spread over a State 47,620 miles square. Such humor

will scarcely again raise a laugh. Even in the great areas of the Empire Commonwealth, 3,750 arrests for offenses against the law, almost all of which were committed outside of any city or borough jurisdiction, can be no indifferent matter. And when these offenses include ninety-nine cases of assault, fifty-eight of burglary, twenty-five of carrying dangerous and concealed weapons, one hundred and thirty-six of common gambling, thirty-five of malicious mischief, eighty-three violations of the Agricultural Law, and two hundred and thirty-three cases of larceny, it will be seen that the State Troopers know no favorites among their only logical opponents.

The Pennsylvania State Police, the pioneers, although originally of the same number as the New York Force of today, were increased, by act of the Legislature of 1917, to number 330 men. During 1918, however, the Force lacked from fifty to seventy men of the full quota, owing to the difficulty of recruiting material of the Pennsylvania calibre during a war-period. As a matter of fact, a perilously high percentage of the Pennsylvania Force, old soldiers as they were, harked to the voice of the trumpets and went to France. And their immediate appreciation by the Army may be measured by the fact that, of the first five privates who signed up from one troop, four presently sailed as Regular Army Captains and the fifth as a First Lieutenant. And the Captain of that same troop was to earn a regular army majority for distinguished service rendered as Provost Marshal of the City of Paris.

Meantime, the organizing and administrative skill of Colonel John C. Groome, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Police, had been demanded by the High Command in France for a succession of problems greatly differing in their difficulties. From straightening a colossal tangle in an intelligence department to the elevation of the Prisoners of War scheme to a fine working system, from the setting of the Provost Marshal General's Department, with its Military Police pendant, in such order that anyone with wit enough to leave it alone could thereafter have successfully run it; from housing some thousands of officers daily in Paris to another task which may not yet be made known, Colonel Groome's achievement in France has been worthy of his fame and Pennsylvania may feel that she has given a rich gift in loaning him to his country.

Meantime, that half of the Pennsylvania State Police officers and men who stayed at home, gritting their teeth to do it, performed a patriotic service beyond all computing. Filling with something of their own fires the new recruits added to them, they faced a battle stiffer, in its way, than any that in all their stern career had before confronted them. Pennsylvania during the War was one huge manufactory of munitions, one huge depot of steel, iron, fuel, the very bone and sinews of the Allied armies in France. A bridge blown up, a track wrecked, a chain of mines or factories destroyed, and the vital stream of supplies of men and guns—of support to the front line trenches—would choke at its very source. The State teemed with spies and secret agents, and its towns and mining patches swarmed with alien peoples easily worked upon by those who spoke their tongues to deceive them. One power alone they feared, whether spy or agent or hostile alien—one power they respected—dared not defy—the Pennsylvania State Police. Twelve years of unvarying experience had taught them that, till they felt it all through their shivering souls.

So once more the Pennsylvania State Police, shoulder to shoulder, faced the people's enemies—a tiny handful against a great and sinister horde. It was a giant task, admitting, man by man, not a moment's lapse of vigilance, not an instant's lapse of wit. But—"they can do it," their commander had said, when his own call came from across the sea. "My men can do the job. Why, *they never learned how to fail!*"

Did they fail? They made 10,017 arrests in this one last year, the little handful of them. And they secured therefrom 90.4 per cent of convictions. They held down the enemies of the Nation by the throat. They saved the industries of the State, which were the very blood of the army in France. And they preserved the lives, the peace, the liberty and happiness of the 8,000,000 people of Pennsylvania.

The whole A. E. F. knows about the State Police Forces of the two great Eastern commonwealths. "I am making all my day-dreams center on the Pennsylvania State Troopers," runs the recent letter of a Sergeant in khaki now "somewhere east of Berlin." "This life has plenty of thrills, but I am very anxious to get back to the States

and try myself out in what I believe is the best body of the men in the world. Do you think I can make it?"

And the growing lure of the New York State service casts its spell, too, upon the minds of the boys "over there." To feel a horse between your legs, to take the open road over the hills, to watch like a poised hawk over all the countryside for chances to help in every sort of way where help is due, for chances to pounce where harm is meant; to live in the pride of military discipline, yet free because "obedience to law is freedom"; to know that all good men and women will respect and welcome you so long as you make good, because you bring to their defense a willing arm, a quick, true mind and the whole power of the State; and to realize with it all, that many-masked adventure, taxing all your wit and nerve and will, lurks always just ahead—all this appeals as few things could to the young soldier so lately a world crusader, whose brain is as full of restless thought as his body is full of health and vigor.

Both will find expression—both mental and physical energy. Give the lad means for a right, natural and sufficient expression or, through no fault of his own, he will give himself, the world and you much costly trouble. He is no jinn, stay corked down in the bottle.

Both the eastern State Police Forces have long waiting-lists of demobilized soldiers. Both have their pick of the best men back from France. And the other commonwealths that have adopted or are so actively urging the adoption of the State Police principle will have no difficulty in selecting superb personnel.

Meantime, what have the State Police done for the soldiers? Speaking from personal observation, the mere knowledge of their existence has been an invaluable reassurance to our men in the service overseas. From rural homes the vast majority of the Army was drawn. Mails have been very slow, irregular, sometimes shut off. Especially during the influenza epidemic men's minds turned with devouring anxiety toward the lonely farmhouse or the little wayside cottage whence no word came. And soldier citizens of such States as have had a care for those little homes knew a comfort impossible to the rest.

The Pennsylvanians "over there" spoke with deep appreciation of the tried and trusty defenders of their own

homes. "I'll say so," they cried, when the newspapers of their State brought them tidings and praise of the tireless devotion of the "Black Hussars" to the needs of the plain people.

An article in the Philadelphia *Ledger* said:

"Since the beginning of the war these men have been in active cooperation with the Department of Justice, the Military Intelligence Bureau, the United States Attorney and Marshals. But no cessation of the regular police work of detecting and arresting criminals has been permitted while carrying on the business, the depleted ranks having worked only the harder. The men have declined their leaves of absence and stuck fast to the task in hand * * * During the influenza epidemic they have been in the thick of the fray in the worst pest holes in the State * * * Saloons have been cleared of sodden foreigners in the settlements where the law has been openly defied * * * The State Police have driven ambulances for emergency hospitals and rushed doctors about from place to place in an effort to save more lives, and in many cases have remained with the sick, administering medicine and acting as nurses."

Federal officers of the various departments added their public acknowledgments of peace and order brought out of panic, of obedience to sanitary laws, otherwise dead, enforced; of drug and vice holes wiped out; of illicit liquor dens abolished.

Meanwhile in France, in England, in Scotland, on the Rhine, New York men were insisting that their State Force, young though it was, was already as good as the famous Pennsylvania model,—that the rural homes of New York had champions second to none.

Meanwhile, too, in New York State, the Troopers were hard at work, steadily broadening and strengthening their record. They, too, drove ambulances, sought out the helpless, hidden sick, brought doctors and enforced the health laws everywhere in the rural State. They, too, with a vigor, rapidity, justice and fearless disregard of persons hitherto unimagined as a possibility by the people whom they served, weeded out from the communities and the countrysides every unlawful evil thing that their sharpening eyes and wits could detect. Their patrols, too, fought fires that must otherwise have meant grave loss, yet which none but the far-reaching patrol would have discovered in time. They, too, stopped on the road to chock up a hole that might wrench some horse's leg or to patch a broken bridge that might ditch a wagon.

And the Acting Director of Military Intelligence of the Chief of Staff, Col. John M. Dunn, taking occasion under date of December 21st, 1918, to thank the Superintendent of the New York State Troopers for constant cooperation and for the able assistance rendered the Government in the work of locating and investigating enemy suspects in the State of New York, added that "the aid thus given has had no negligible part in the successful prosecution of the war."

All the State well knew not only this but many other things beside. So that when, early in January of the current year, a public suggestion was made to abolish the New York State Police Force on the ground that its usefulness did not balance the expense involved, such an outcry of spontaneous protest rang forth from every quarter of the State as to set completely at rest any doubt of the real mind of the people.

From the great dailies of New York, from those of the up-State cities and from the smallest of the country papers, far and wide, rose the warning, "Hands off our State Police!" The State Grange defended it. The State Agricultural Society came out for it. The State Motor Federation took aggressive ground. The Rochester Chamber of Commerce summoned all its allied organizations to an organized defense. An important up-State newspaper syndicate served public notice that it would fight. And finally, most significant of all, the country women all over the State, whether by their clubs, by letters to their legislators or to the press, or even by personal visits to Albany, showed that they knew the cause of the State Police to be their very own.

But other elements enter into the relation of the State Police to the soldier. In a conscript Army, we took some very able natural rascals to France. These, not always the tamer for the experience, and somewhat quicker in the use of weapons than before, are now being brought home and turned loose upon the land. Further, our breakdown in keeping our soldiers paid, often for many months on end, has practically forced upon thousands of honest men a habit of looking to dubious means for necessary funds.

Cut a man off from any possible way of earning money; take him to a far, strange land; shut off his mail from home, together with any possible relief that might have

reached him through that avenue; and then keep him a half-year, more or less, without one cent of pay,—and what do you produce?

We are going to have an epidemic of tramps, of thieving, and of crime, as demobilization goes on.

Already the State Police Force of New York, the great debarkation area, has met this development. Already an intense vigilance on its part, both separately and in stimulation of, or assistance to local police officers, is the price of continued security in the rural parts. Already their accomplished action in sweeping away haunts of vice impregnable to pre-existing powers, has powerfully protected the wandering demobilized soldier from dangers and temptations specially designed to fleece and ruin him or to start him amuck.

Every Trooper riding his patrol on country roads and byways with the knowledge in his mind that experience has brought, examines the casual wayfarer on foot or on wheel with a trained and critical eye. He may mean mischief: the Trooper forestalls him. He may have done mischief; the Trooper, whether suspecting or knowing it, gathers him in. He may want work; the Trooper, who knows all the countryside, knows what work needs doing, and where. He may be sick, or broke, or helpless—he may need a friend; and then the Trooper comes into his very own. For that is his long suit—never to turn a real need down, never to be duped, and yet to be, first and last and all the time, the friend indeed of all the world.

KATHERINE MAYO.

THE LYNCHING OF PUBLIC OPINION

BY GEORGE ROTHWELL BROWN

A SUBSERVIENT press can prosper only under personal government, and it survives and flourishes then only when the manipulators of one-man power confuse the public mind with the dangerous doctrine that loyalty to an individual is synonymous with loyalty to the country. This cult can be maintained and spread only by a constant policing of public opinion, principally through the press.

During the past year and a half, there has been apparent at the fountain-head of government an autocratic assumption of responsibility for public opinion, so that we have come at last to the inevitable consequence—government by organized opinion. As a result of this system the American people today are generally in ignorance as to the conduct of the war, which they fought and for which they paid an extravagant price.

The lowering of the American press to idealize an individual, cloud an issue, and befog opinion, has been, from the point of view of American institutions of liberty, the most sinister development of the war. It has bred subserviency, disguised failure, and has clothed incompetency with the borrowed plumage of efficiency. Behind the wall of secrecy and deceit reared by the agile manipulators of public opinion throughout the war, blunders were made without exposure, and repeated at frightful cost because of that very lack; gold was dissipated without detection, fictitious personages were created out of nothingness and pigmies magnified to the stature of giants.

To understand what happened to the newspaper press of the country after our entrance into the war it is necessary to consider the state of public mind both before and after that date. With the outbreak of the war in Europe American public opinion was divided into three classes. There was a powerful minority opinion, clear-eyed as to the funda-

mental issue that had been raised between right and wrong. It was enlightened, militant, vigorously American, and strongly pro-Ally. Eventually it forced a reluctant Executive, of narrow horizon and limited world vision, to take a step in 1917, after an election had been fought and won on the platform, "He kept us out of war," that should have been taken when the German submarines challenged our right to use our own ocean highway.

There was, on the other hand, a noisy, unscrupulous, determined and abundantly-financed class that was viciously pro-German. In this class were those who excused the rape of Belgium, had no sympathy for France, hated England, were indifferent to America, and were so devoid of patriotic instincts that they openly rejoiced over the *Lusitania* murders.

Between these two classes was a third, composed of persons who knew nothing about the issues raised by the assault of the German people upon the peace and quiet of the world, and cared less. These were known as "neutrals." They inspired timid statesmanship with a ballot-box fear.

During the early stages of the war they encouraged the openly German element in our population to acts of outrageous defiance of the Government, and the courting of this pacifist element, which was largely German, had for months prevented the United States Government from taking measures to get the nation into readiness for war. That is one of the things that the manipulators of public opinion have thus far prevented from becoming known. We had an army—such as it was—on the Mexican border, but it was not permitted to study those methods of modern war that had been developed on the battlefields in France and Flanders. We organized no staff. We had no plans for participating in the war in Europe, which so many thoughtful men saw was inevitable. We actually waited until after we had troops in France to invent and perfect an army shoe suitable for service overseas. No courageous and alert press investigated these things, and sounded a warning.

Thus we deliberately permitted to develop a situation so dangerous, with respect to the treasonable element in our midst, that we were brought face to face with a problem at home as serious as that which awaited us across the water. It was felt to be necessary to deal with it by drastic methods. But the newspapers found themselves already shackled.

They learned of dangerous things going on beneath the outwardly placid surface, but they dared not print them. They quietly pushed their investigations here and there, or information was secretly brought to them.

It was well-nigh impossible to use facts in a way that would have benefitted the country by speeding up the war. The newspapers, by assisting in the lynching of public opinion, had created such a disordered state of mind in the country that if they themselves had raised their voices to full strength in protest against inefficiency they would have been denounced as "pro-German." That fear hung over the head of everybody. The very incompetents who should have been shown up and thrown out sought refuge behind this psychological barrier. Newspapers above all things dreaded that German propaganda charge, and rightly. The country was so worked up that any newspaper might have been ruined by falling under that suspicion, however, baseless. The trouble was that the public, that was getting its denatured news from the Government news factories, had nothing upon which to base an intelligent and honest opinion. Congress itself was all but terrorized. Statesmen feared to criticise lest the newspapers accuse them of being pro-German, and the newspapers halted and floundered lest their efforts to help things along should be wrongly construed. How the newspaper press could escape from this situation became the concern of some enlightened editors, and an agreement by which certain newspapers, and certain public men might aid one another in shaking off some of the fetters was at one time almost reached.

What did much to restore and encourage, for a time at least, freedom of speech and of the printing press, was the courageous stand taken by Senator Chamberlain, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, in his New York speech, wherein he charged that in some branches the War Department had almost ceased to function, and in the investigation of the war which he conducted, and which did so much to speed up the war. The breach between the Oregon Senator and the head of his own party, as a result of this patriotic boldness, served notice to others who might wish to attempt the same thing of what they might expect if they did.

So Congress which had no press agent—became dumb. It seemed to lie helpless at the feet of one man, who gathered into his own hands all the powers of press and legislature, and parcelled them out at his pleasure to bureaus and extra-governmental boards and commissions. These boards grew like mushrooms. In a few months after the war had got haltingly under way Washington had to be rebuilt to house them, and their complexities had become so bewilderingly intricate that the heads of them, unable to keep track of what was going on, in turn passed many important functions over to subordinates with whose manifold activities by the very nature of things they could not always be in touch.

From this concentration of power in the hands of one, which in turn necessitated the delegation of that power to creatures of the Executive, sprang two institutions fatal to a free printing press—the press agent, and its inevitable corollary, the “official denial.” Where one is, there shall the other be found also. With Congress doing the legislating there are five hundred public men whom the newspaper correspondents, standing between the people and their public servants as common carriers of information, may see, interview, and ply with confidential questions. When law-making passes into the hands of one man there is but a single individual who may be seen with any degree of authority, and no one man has the time to be a source of news. Hence the excuse for the press agent. There had been press agents in some of the Government departments prior to the war. The institution was known to be pernicious. It developed during the war into something the like of which this country had never known before. Hand in hand with the press agent went the “denial,” for the “denial” is as essential to Government-owned “publicity” as is the press agent himself. The “denial” is for the hardy rebel who ventures out of the realms of official fiction to invade the forbidden fields of ascertained fact.

Whether by accident or design, “publicity” in war-time Washington developed along a new and original line. It became a censorship that accomplished its purpose not by starvation, but by over-feeding. The floods of publicity poured out of the Government bureaus and boards in Washington, each with its busy press agent, fairly overwhelmed

the newspapers. Most of the Washington correspondents speedily became intellectually devitalized. These scouts and sentinels of the American people at their Capital had for generations performed an honorable and a useful service to the country. With a few exceptions they followed the example of Congress, surrendered to the inevitable, and wrote what they were told, all from the loftiest of motives and in the name of patriotism.

The capitulation of the press, I take it, was none less abject and deplorable because the ideals which inspired it were commendable. The press, meaning both publishers and news gatherers, conceived it to be a duty to the country to close their eyes to what was obviously going on only a little beneath the surface. They accepted the output of the official "news" factories and sent it broadcast, accepting the theory that in so doing they were performing a conscientious duty.

The reaction on the people was natural and inevitable. Being deprived of fact they formed erroneous conclusions upon misinformation. The lynching of public opinion was complete and freedom of thought for the first time in American history was about suppressed. In accord with the same theory, Congress passed drastic laws which made the expression of an honest conviction about the conduct of the war a thing to be done with fear and trembling. Only a few brave voices were heard here and there in the land. To its eternal credit Congress refused to enact the drastic censorship law which was sought, but an absolute censorship was not really essential, for it had been achieved in effect by natural processes; while across the seas a remorseless military censorship, controlled by the political power, was master of every word sent by mail or cable. This censorship was designed, not merely to prevent information of value to the enemy from falling into the hands of Germany, which was a legitimate function of the military authority, but to prevent information of value to the American people from reaching the American public. This censorship kept from the American people, at a critical time, the failures made by those same incompetent officials who enforced the censorship which protected them. During the war period the public was treated as an infant. It was supposed, for example, after the armistice had been signed, and the war was over, that the American people could not stand

the truth about our battle casualties, which were shockingly uneconomic; and so Washington gave out that the total losses would not exceed 100,000, at a time when it was well known that they would go above 250,000.

This is the system, of which the corner-stone is denatured news, which bent professional news-gatherers, men of a noble and highly responsible calling, to the will of incompetent or head-strong officials. It was this system which led people to accept as an historical fact the absurd story of a marvellous sea battle which was never fought and made possible the Liberty Motor hoax. The Liberty motor was in process of reconstruction and perfection for months after that falsehood was put forth. Heaven knows how many lives it cost, the lives of ill-trained, half-equipped, poorly-led American soldiers, fighting hand to hand with the trained veterans of the German armies in the dark forests of the Argonne, looking anxiously overhead for the fleets of Yankee airplanes, which they had read about in every deceived American journal, but which never came to their aid for the most excellent reason that they were not in existence.

What strong-arm methods were employed to keep fearless and independent newspapers from publishing the news of their own getting, in preference to the denatured news thrust upon them, only time will disclose. At times the press agents in Washington grew bold, and seeing in some paper more fearless than the rest a displeasing item, would write haughtily to the editor, saying, "Please make a correction, and send us a copy of the paper containing it!" Such were the arrogant methods actually applied to American newspapers and to which American newspapers out of sheer patriotism submitted.

The few Washington correspondents who, during the war, revolted at the surrender of what had been a noble profession, and who undertook to write fearlessly and frankly the truth as they could find it in the rare undefiled channels of news remaining open, were brow-beaten, threatened and insulted. They would obtain confidentially from one member of the Cabinet information of importance to the country, only to have its publication denounced by another who did not know the facts.

In consequence of this the Washington correspondents during the war steadily declined in morale. Their environ-

ment was too much for them. From diligently searching for the truth alone they came to hunt, not merely in couples, but in flocks and droves. Their conferences with responsible heads of Government departments degenerated into farces. Their vision being restricted by reason of the fact that they had nothing to go upon except the doctored news which was their daily mental diet, their inquiries of these public servants rarely rose above the trivial. The correspondents who had once been proud of their profession lost that pride, and all but lost their self-respect.

Although Congress some years before, in recognition of the growing peril of the Government press agent, had included in an appropriation bill a clause to prevent the use of any of the money thus appropriated from being expended on fabricated news (an act of Congress never effective), the official press agent flourished as though expressly authorized by the law-making body. The situation became so bad in Washington, especially during the war period, that every little minor official had a press agent of his own, to serve his own selfish ends and enhance his own prestige. In some departments responsible officials were prohibited from making public any information, even of a routine and trivial character, except through the medium of the press agent. Thus the distribution of news—the property of the people—was controlled by the few, and information, to which the taxpayers were entitled, because they were paying for the up-keep of the Government agencies which were creating it by their official acts, was colored and distorted at its source of origin. Even press associations “handled” this official stuff and would send out to the country over their own wires, to their clients, official agents’ statements so used as to indicate their own responsibility for the “news” contained therein.

The surrender of Congress with the coming of war speedily resulted in Senators and Congressmen themselves becoming as ignorant of what was going on as anyone else. The only real source of news was an inaccessible figure who terminated his intercourse with newspaper men shortly after proclaiming the policy of “pitiless publicity,” and who did not resume those relations, which had long existed between the correspondents and the President, until he returned from Paris to find Congress and the country in an uproar over the League of Nations.

The White House conference upon that subject between the President and members of the Congressional Committees on Foreign Affairs was of transcendent news value, and the correspondents, deprived of opportunity to learn from the President what had occurred, were compelled to obtain that information elsewhere, piecemeal. The New York *Sun's* frank exposure of what happened at the famous dinner, especially with respect to the absorbing topic of Ireland and the League of Nations, was a public service of high order. The *Sun's* exposure also focused attention upon the "official denial," which it was the means of brilliantly illuminating.

The wide publicity that is being given to Mr. Taft's advocacy of the League of Nations, through recognized independent news channels, is a case in point. Mr. Taft, although long a private citizen, is enjoying today in advocacy of the President's programme, a wider use of the newspaper columns than he could obtain, except in interviews and signed statements, when he was President of the United States and a candidate for re-election.

President Roosevelt looked upon the Fourth Estate as the eyes of the people. He made use of the Washington correspondents in preparing public opinion for the adoption of his progressive policies, but in doing this, like the master of men that he was, he did not degrade the writers—he lifted them up. There was a decided intellectual renaissance in Washington journalism under Roosevelt. The newspaper men of Washington were richer for their contact with Theodore Roosevelt, although many newspaper men cordially hated him and were slow to acknowledge the debt they owed him. The newspaper men of Washington are the poorer for President Wilson, who has given them nothing.

GEORGE ROTHWELL BROWN.

THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—V

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY, RETIRED

BEFORE proceeding to a further analysis of the strategy of the operations on the Western Front, a brief reference to the numbers of the opposing armies will not be out of place.

On March 21, 1918, the fighting strength of the Germans probably outnumbered that of the Allies by about three hundred thousand men; but as the weeks and months went by and more and more American troops were made ready and brought into the firing line, this inequality between them was overcome; and by July 18, 1918, when Foch began his great counter-offensive, the fighting strength of the Allies on the Western Front probably exceeded that of the Germans as much as that of the Germans had exceeded that of the Allies on March 21.

But it should be constantly borne in mind that a preponderance of fighting forces on either side was not necessary to the carrying out of Napoleon's principle of bringing superior forces against the enemy at the point of attack; for by surprise, or by swifter concentration, or by greater skill in maneuvering, an expert commander will not infrequently be able to accomplish this, regardless of whether his own or his adversary's forces are numerically superior within the theater of operations.

Right here, perhaps, is a good place for pointing out the fact that during more than four years of fierce and bloody fighting on the Western Front, the constant purpose of the commanding generals on both sides, whether they aimed a blow at some weak point of the enemy's line, or struck fiercely at the bases of his salients, or attempted to break through his line on a wide front and resume a war of movement, was to bring outnumbering and greatly su-

perior forces upon their chosen objectives, the immediate battlefields.

After a week's bitter fighting the onrush of the Germans in their great thrust towards Amiens, which began on March 21, 1918, was finally checked by the French reserves who were hurried to that front mainly from Champagne; and the first day after General Foch assumed supreme command of the Allied armies, he announced that Amiens was safe.¹

Then, after a pause of eleven days, the Germans, on April 9, 1918, began their great thrust south of Ypres; and it was continued with hard fighting and varying success until their final effort on April 29, which, resulting in extremely heavy losses, caused them to abandon their attempts to break through the British line on that front. As at Amiens, so at Ypres, it was the arrival of the French reserves that turned the scale in favor of the British and enabled them to stop the Germans.

From April 29 to May 27, the Germans again paused in their efforts, in order to prepare for their third great thrust. The question was where would they strike? Would it be on the west side of the angular front somewhere between Montdidier and Ypres? or on the south side somewhere between Noyon and Verdun? There were several reasons why they would choose, and did choose, to strike on the south side:

First: The French reserves were along the west side, some as far north as Ypres, but mainly concentrated about Amiens, covering the point of junction of the British and French armies; and were being held there.

Second: The fact that the reserves were being held on the west side indicated that the French and British commanders expected the next attack on that side and were prepared for it.

Third: By making their break through on the south side and extending it between Paris and Nancy and beyond, they would not only separate the French right wing occupying Verdun and the line of the Vosges from the French left wing in front and northeast of Paris, but would sever the communications of the French right wing and be in an advantageous position to force its capture or destruction. Moreover, such a thrust as this would threaten

¹ Frank H. Simonds in *Review of Reviews*, June, 1918, p. 593.

the communications of the American forces between their camps south of the St. Mihiel salient and their ports of debarkation on the west and south coasts of France; and make it very difficult for them to fall back without abandoning a good part of the great collection of munitions and supplies which they had accumulated in that vicinity.

Thus we see that while a break through on either front would have given the Germans the opportunity to carry out that principle of strategy of defeating separately the divided forces of the enemy, by holding one with a containing force while they massed superior numbers against the other and crushed or captured it, and then concentrated their whole strength on the remaining force, it was only on the south front that the Germans could also at the same time carry out that other great principle of strategy of striking at the communications of the enemy without exposing their own to his attack.

Accordingly, on May 27, 1918, the Germans began their third great thrust against the Allied line on a front of about thirty miles, from the point where it crossed the Aisne, some ten or twelve miles north of Reims, to the point where it crossed the Soissons-Laon Railway, about seven miles northeast of Soissons.

The attack on this front was a great surprise to the Allies; and for awhile was remarkably successful. The French were literally swept from the Chemin-des-Dames, forced over the Aisne, and thence across the Vesle. Four French divisions were practically annihilated; and the British troops north of Reims, having their flank uncovered, were forced back towards that city. This practically left the way open to a further advance; and the Germans, taking immediate advantage of it, rushed forward almost unopposed. It was a serious time for General Foch; for he had only the wreck of the four French divisions and such local reserves as he could collect to stay the German advance.

The onrush continued for about a week. The Germans took Soissons, got possession of the Soissons-Chateau Thierry Railway, pushed south to Chateau Thierry and the north bank of the Marne, and even succeeded in cutting the Paris-Chateau Thierry-Chalons-Verdun Railway,

one of the important lines of communication of the French right wing with Paris.

But at Chateau Thierry and along the Marne they were finally checked by the French and American reserves that were rushed to the threatened front from other sections of the Allied line. Here at the bridge which crosses the Marne opposite Chateau Thierry, at Boursches, and in Belleau Wood, and at Vaux, the Third and Second American Divisions, by their superb fighting, helped to bring the extreme German advance to a standstill and gained for themselves an imperishable fame. Already the First American Division had distinguished itself by capturing Cantigny, near Montdidier, on May 28, the day following the beginning of this great thrust.

On the whole, this thrust was a success for the Germans. They had pushed back the Allied line a distance of thirty miles at its farthest point. But it was not the complete success that they had hoped for, since it was stopped before they broke completely through the line and resumed a war of movement. And what was of the utmost importance to the Allies was that the Germans did not succeed in pushing back the Allied line more than four or five miles westward of Soissons; or succeed in taking Reims or even the high ground about that city. As a consequence, they were left in possession of the long, narrow, dangerous Chateau Thierry salient. But it was not alone this salient that gave them concern. The Amiens salient was also long, narrow, and dangerous. Both were extremely vulnerable. Both offered the Allies a splendid opportunity for striking the Germans a telling blow.

In this precarious and dangerous situation the Germans saw that they must attempt to widen the bases of these two narrow salients and render them less vulnerable and dangerous before making any further attempt to break through on the south side. This could best be done by an attack in force from the Noyon-Montdidier section on the west side of the Oise River towards Compiègne; for, should this objective be reached, it would force the French to withdraw from the high ground and woods in the narrow salient, Compiègne-Noyon-Soissons, in the angle between the Oise and Aisne Rivers, and practically obliterate the Amiens and Chateau Thierry salients. Or, to speak more accurately, such an attack, if successful, would entirely oblit-

erate the Amiens salient and change the narrow Chateau Thierry salient into a much larger, broader, and less vulnerable one, whose general outline would run from Montdidier through Compiègne to Chateau Thierry on one side, and from Chateau Thierry to Reims on the other.

On June 9, 1918, just two weeks from the day the Germans began their thrust on Chateau Thierry, they struck with great force on the Noyon-Montdidier front. But the Allies were not surprised as they had been on May 27. Expecting the attack, they had reserves near at hand to meet it. Nevertheless, by desperate fighting and through the sacrifice of many men, the Germans met with some success. They drove the French from the environs of Noyon some five or six miles down the valley on the west side of the Oise; and this advance, by threatening the communications of the French on the east side of the river, made it necessary for them also to retire down the stream. But despite their most strenuous efforts the Germans failed to reach their objective. On June 13 they were still making slight advances here and there in the face of enormous losses; but by June 15 the fourth great German thrust had been practically brought to a halt, with the German advance lines still some six miles from Compiègne.

The total outcome of these seven days' fierce fighting was that the Germans had advanced their lines five or six miles between the two salients and had gained some valuable ground, but had fallen far short of reaching their objective; nevertheless, the advance in this portion of their front was of great importance to them, since it considerably widened the bases and diminished the vulnerability of the Amiens and Chateau Thierry salients.

Then there followed a pause of a month, in which the Germans prepared for their fifth great thrust, and the Allies were content to remain on the defensive, since every day's delay was adding, on an average, from seven to eight thousand men to the strength of the American Army in France.

There was no change in the general strategical situation. To break through the south front, push through between Paris and Nancy and sever the communications of the French right wing occupying the line of the Vosges, was still strategically the best plan, as it had been from the first. And since the German advance on Chateau

Thierry had created a French salient—although a broad one—with Reims as its apex, this was an additional reason for striking on this front; for it was evident to all that should the Germans break through between Reims and the Argonne Forest on one side of this salient, and between Reims and Chateau Thierry on the other side, they would cut or threaten the communications of the troops occupying it and force their capture or retirement. Moreover, such an attack would at the same time greatly widen the Chateau Thierry salient and make it much less vulnerable to an Allied attack.

Then again, with the French holding Reims, Foch could launch a counter attack from that city northward and westward and cut the roads and railways so vital to the existence of the German troops occupying the Chateau Thierry salient. A thrust northward to the Aisne would cut the Soissons-Neufchatel-Rethel-Mezieres Railway; a thrust westward to Fismes would cut the Chateau Thierry-Fismes Railway.

These reasons, evidently, were patent to the Allies; for they were expecting the Germans to make the thrust along these very lines; and, consequently, it did not take them by surprise as did the great thrust of May 27 on Chateau Thierry. Of equal importance, also, was the fact that the month's delay had given Foch time to prepare to meet the attack.

On July 15, 1918, the Germans launched their fifth and last great thrust against the Allied line on a front of about seventy-five miles, extending from the western edge of the Argonne Forest on their left, past Reims, to Chateau Thierry on their right; and as the action developed the front was extended northward from Chateau Thierry some twenty-five miles to Soissons.

From the start the Germans made but little headway between the Argonne Forest and Reims. General Gouraud who commanded this portion of the French line had ascertained only a few days previously just when the Germans would begin their attack, and he made his dispositions so skilfully to meet it that a good part of the German army in his front was practically annihilated. In repulsing the attack he was ably assisted by the Forty-second American Division which fought with great valor near Perthes.

Still, near the Reims salient on its east side, the Germans made a little advance. Here they captured Monronvilliers Heights; and, in the earlier rushes, even succeeded in reaching Prunay and in cutting the Reims-Chalons Railway at this point; but the French, realizing the importance of holding this line of railway, strongly counter attacked and retook the town. However, the Germans in this vicinity held most of their gains, their line having been advanced some three or four miles southwestward in the direction of Epernay; and this was of the utmost importance to them, since it was a thrust into the very base of the Reims salient.

Between Chateau Thierry and Reims the Germans made a better beginning. On the whole Marne front, they forced the crossing of the river, driving back the French, and a considerable American contingent of the Third Division which was on outpost duty a few miles east of Chateau Thierry. But the Americans by a brilliant series of counter attacks at Mezy and at the mouth of the Surmelin drove back the enemy and finally succeeded in re-establishing their line in their immediate front.¹

But the Germans, despite these reverses and in the face of spirited French attacks, held their position on the south side of the Marne for five or six miles on either side of Dormans and began slowly to push forward up the valley of the Marne on a front of about twelve miles; and, by the evening of July 17, their advance was within eight miles of Epernay and extended northward to the western edge of the Mountain of Reims, just north of Epernay.

The situation had reached a critical period. Although the Germans had been successfully checked throughout a good portion of their long battle front, they had, by massing superior forces and making stupendous efforts on each side of the base of the Reims salient, met with considerable success. And it is evident that if they could have pushed forward a few miles farther up the Marne Valley, captured Epernay, and seized the Mountain of Reims, they would have gained possession of a considerable part of the Epernay Reims Railway, which would have forced the Allies to withdraw immediately from the Reims sal-

¹ "It was on this occasion," says General Pershing in his report to the Secretary of War, "that a single regiment of the Third wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals."

ient over the Reims-Chalons Railway; and this would have been attended with great difficulties, since the German line was very close to the railway in the vicinity of Prunay.

Then, a further advance of the Germans southward from the Argonne Forest-Reims front, and southeastward from the Epernay-Reims front up the Marne Valley to and beyond Chalons, would have severed or threatened the communications of the Allied troops occupying the Argonne Forest and the great Verdun salient and forced them either to surrender or retire. These operations, it is readily seen, would have wiped out the vulnerable German salients of Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel and left the Germans in a most favorable position for taking in reverse the Allied troops occupying the line of the Vosges. Thus, Germany's original intention of turning the Vosges and the French fortresses along that front would have been accomplished; not by the south, but by the north; not by passing through the Belfort gap, but by ironing out the Reims and Verdun salients.

Here, then, was the turning point of this great battle; for one more successful push up the valley of the Marne to Epernay would have changed the whole conduct of the campaign and most probably have produced astounding results.

Strategically and psychologically the time had arrived for Foch to strike.

First: Because there was every indication, every probability, that there would be left no vulnerable German salients to attack, should he delay a few days longer.

Second: Because the Germans in their fifth great thrust, although partially successful, had met with great discouragement and terrible losses. It was evident that they could no longer expect, even with a month's preparation, to break through the Allied line on an extended front and advance some thirty or thirty-five miles into the enemy's territory as they had done on March 21 and on May 27. And to win the war required them to do even more than this; for unless they could eventually break through the Allied line and resume a war of movement, there was no hope of final success.

Third: Because the French had been greatly encouraged by the fact that along the entire fighting line they had

been able, with the assistance of the Americans, to hold the Germans in their original positions, or to check them in the few places where they had bent in the Allied line. After months of falling back, after years of defensive fighting, to be able to check the onrush of the Germans in one of their great thrusts, and to take the offensive here and there and force them back, force *them* to retire, brought encouragement to every French heart and raised the spirits of the entire French army.

Fourth: Because the American troops, wherever employed in the fighting, had demonstrated their fitness and bravery. At Cantigny, at Chateau Thierry, at Boursches, in Belleau Wood, at Vaux, at Perthes, at Mezy and the mouth of the Surmelin, they had fought with extraordinary dash, determination, and courage. They were no longer untried troops. Foch knew from the way they had fought that they could be depended upon, that he could put them into the front line beside the veteran and indomitable French troops, and that they would not fail him. Young, enthusiastic, energetic, brave, and with their very souls yearning for the fray, there was no task too difficult for them, no veteran German troops whom they feared to face.

Just how General Foch, at this very crisis of the war, took advantage of the situation to strike the blow which stopped completely the onrush of the Germans and soon turned the tide of battle against them along their whole far-flung battleline will be described in our next article.

But before closing the discussion it will be instructive and interesting to inquire, what would most probably have been the outcome, had the Germans, as herein suppositiously described, been able to push south between Paris and Nancy and take the French and Americans in reverse along the line of the Vosges? There are two contingencies that might have arisen.

First: The Germans might have pushed far enough south to sever not only the communications of the French with Paris, but also the communications of the Americans with their ports of debarkation at St. Nazaire, La Rochelle, and Bordeaux on the west coast of France and at Marseilles on the south coast; in which case neither the French right wing nor the American army could have escaped capture; for with their supplies cut off, and a Ger-

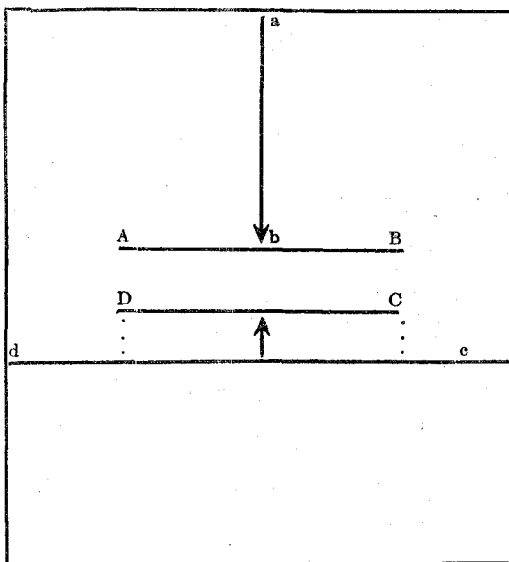
man army closing in on their rear, while another was pressing them closely on their original front, there would have been no alternative but to surrender.

Had these events taken place, substantially as here outlined,—and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see that they could easily have happened—they might have led to the speedy ending of the war in Germany's favor; for with the greater part of the American army and a considerable part of the French army out of the fighting, the German armies in eastern France, with new communications established directly across the Vosges into South Germany, could have safely pushed forward and enveloped Paris and the French army defending it.

Second: The French and Americans along the Vosges from Verdun to Belfort might have seen sufficiently early the danger of losing their communications and have attempted a retirement to avoid the disaster which would have inevitably resulted from their loss. But with the Germans pushing south from Epernay and Chalons upon Troyes and Chaumont, this retirement along the roads and railways to Paris and the American ports of debarkation on the west coast of France would have been directly across the front of the German advance, which would have exposed them to a flank attack and compelled them to form front to a flank,¹ one of the most dangerous positions for

¹An army forms front to a flank when it operates on a front parallel to the line communicating with its base.

To illustrate the danger of fighting a battle in this position: Suppose an army AB is marching south perpendicular to its communications ab, and the opposing army, which is marching west along its communications c.d., is forced to form front to a flank, CD, and engage AB in battle. Now it is evident that a single defeat of CD by AB would drive CD from its communications and disaster would follow; whereas, if AB is defeated by CD, AB can fall back and fight again and again, without any chance of losing its communications.



an army when it fights a battle. "Nothing," says Napoleon, "is so rash or contrary to principle as to make a flank march before an army in position."¹

But let us take the most favorable view of the case for the Allies, and suppose that the retirement of their right wing could have been made past the front of the German army without any great loss or disaster, what would have been the outcome? Evidently the French and Americans of the Allied right wing could then have formed battle line, extending, say, approximately southward from Chateau Thierry to the Seine and thence along the upper stretches of that river toward Dijon, which would have covered directly their communications with Paris and the ports of American debarkation on the western coast of France, and which would have put a stop to any German envelopment of the Allied right wing and enabled the French and Americans to make a prolonged resistance; for, unless some unforeseen or unusual disaster had overtaken them, they could hardly have been conquered without first being driven entirely across North Central France to the ports of American debarkation.

But before leaving this phase of the discussion, there is another point worthy of attention. It will be remembered that one of the ports of debarkation for American troops was Marseilles, and that the line of railway running thence to the American Headquarters at Chaumont was an almost due north and south line; so that, had the German advance been such as to prevent the French and Americans from falling back towards Paris and the western coast of France, they might have retired towards Marseilles.

The establishment of Marseilles for a point of debarkation and an American base of operations may be looked upon, strategically, as a measure of safety taken against the worst that might have happened; since it is evident that, had Paris been taken and a large part of the French and English armies been cut off and captured, the American army, reinforced by a good part of the right wing of the French army, might have been able to fall back slowly along the railways towards its base of operations at Marseilles and, by fighting defensive and delaying battles,

¹ Napoleon's *Maxims of War*, p. 66.

have become a rallying point for all Allied troops that were able to escape capture or to free themselves from the clutch of the German armies in Northern France. And, perhaps, by this means, the Allies might have been able eventually to turn the tide of battle; for the uncertainty of war is proverbial, and so long as an army can maintain its communications and obtain food, ammunition, and equipments there is hope.

It is not the purpose here to carry this discussion further, however interesting it might be to point out some of the strategical problems that would have arisen had it been necessary for the Allies to take this course, but simply to say that the selection of Marseilles for a point of debarkation and an American base of operations was a wise choice; because no one could foresee what turn the campaign might take; and because it is always wise to consider all contingencies and provide for the worst. "In forming the plan of a campaign," says Napoleon, "it is requisite to foresee everything the enemy may do, and to be prepared with the necessary means to counteract it."¹ Again he says: "Reserve to yourself every possible chance of success."²

¹ *Napoleon's Maxims of War*, p. 6.

² *Napoleon's Maxims of War*, p. 68.

(To be continued)

SHALL THE LONG COLLEGE VACATION BE ABOLISHED?

BY ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN
CHANCELLOR, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

PERHAPS none of us in our college days understood the purpose—if there was a purpose—in the long vacation, the general abolition of which American educators are now considering seriously. Students merely followed the habit of students in this play time, which then began, as it still begins in many educational institutions, in the latter half of June and continued until the last week in September, accustoming themselves to a life wholly different from that spent in the college term.

It is not on record, I believe, that students have protested against the long vacation with any marked degree of vehemence. The beneficiaries have merely accepted it as a mysterious dispensation, which they have received with due gratitude.

One of the earlier conditions affecting the college year in this country was the general disposition to relax every other general activity in the Summer and early Fall months so that labor could be concentrated on the cultivation and harvesting of the crops. When cities and towns were small and our population was overwhelmingly agricultural, when man-power was often inadequate for gathering the abundant yields of a soil of almost virgin richness, the sons of farmers and planters were urgently needed at home in summer. Even the wealthiest did their share in the work upon which the success of large farming operations largely depended.

Those elemental conditions of America-in-the-making are gone, and with them is gone much of the argument which then might have been held to justify the long college vacation. The sons of farmers form a much smaller proportion of our student population than they once did. In

increasing numbers the sons of the poor from the industrial masses of the cities are crowding to the halls of education, especially since the colleges have added technical instruction, business preparation, and many other forms of direct training for daily remunerative work to the old standard courses.

There is another large and doubtless growing class in all of our older colleges. This is the class of rich or well-to-do youth, city-bred, who accept college life as a social tradition, and welcome the long vacation for recreational and social purposes. This class has been moved to a deeper seriousness by the war. A great proportion of them enlisted as soon as possible after war was declared. They have met its danger, discipline, and privation in the finest spirit. And they will not readily go back to a life of leisurely triviality.

The war has indeed opened the way for a general decision on the abolition of the long vacation; it has practically forced this question upon us with a demand for a "yes" or "no." It has produced a chain of developments which began with the acceptance by a number of engineering schools—the School of Applied Science of New York University was the first of the number—of contracts with the War Department to give a course of two months of intensive training to the so-called vocational army student. These men, selected from those summoned in the first draft, received instruction in the details of technical army service, such as radio work, concrete construction, and the use of machinery, so that at the end of the required period of preparation they were able to do specialized tasks involved in military operations. At the close of the first two months, a new group was sent to us by the War Department, and thus we came to possess a unit of students whose cycle kept part of the university organization going forward on the basis of a year divided into short terms of swift and vigorous training without intervening vacations.

There followed the establishment of the Students' Army Training Corps, which caused a number of institutions to change definitely to a twelve-months' schedule for the college year. The students of this corps, being regularly enlisted in the army, could no more take vacations than their brethren fighting in France, whom they hoped soon to join.

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The signing of the armistice only a little more than two months after the Students' Army Training Corps was instituted in the universities and colleges, and the subsequent disbanding of this corps, forced us to establish a status for the large number of young men released from national service who wished to return to their studies on January 1st. At New York University we adjusted this situation by allowing credits for studies pursued by the members of the corps while it was in existence, and also by extending the period of instruction in the present university year to September 1, in order that students entering on January 1 might complete the work of their classes for the session and enter the next higher classes at the beginning of the session of 1919-1920.

Thus we are actually on a temporary twelve-months' basis by force of circumstances; and a committee of our faculty is considering the question whether we shall continue on that basis for an indefinite period.

What are the considerations that move American educators to contemplate the possibility of dispensing permanently with the long vacation, as a few institutions in the West have already done?

One of these, which is admitted by all to be of high importance, is the fact that under the proposed arrangement the great plants of our leading educational institutions will be fully utilized for the benefit of the public. These plants represent an expenditure of millions of dollars by the principal American institutions of higher education. They include buildings amply equipped with apparatus for scientific work and study and immense libraries, as well as large bodies of men trained for instruction.

The war has caused us to realize more vividly the value of these things in public service, although there was by no means any lack of endeavor to use them for such service before the war. We have, however, come to understand better the place in the structure of our nation which universities and colleges occupy as direct adjuncts of the Government.

Hitherto, in most of our educational institutions these plants have been idle approximately one-fourth or one-third of each year. There is the same reason for making continuous use of them as is urged for the use of public school buildings at night and during the vacation season,

for the benefit of the communities in which they exist and from which they draw their support. A trace of the sense of this necessity has been shown in past years in the increasing development of summer schools at the universities, in which teachers and others who are not able to attend the regular sessions have found a means of adding to their educational equipment.

An argument tending in the same direction is that where students are enabled to compress their university work into a shorter period, there will not be so much delay to many of them in beginning their life occupations. The preparation now required of a professional man rarely enables him to start the real work of his profession below the age of twenty-five years, if his educational equipment is at all thorough. After his four years in college he must spend three or four years in the professional school, if he goes to one of the schools having the highest requirements, and the tendency is to lengthen this last-named period.

By means of the four-term college year, each term consisting of three months, it will be possible to graduate students in three years instead of four, with precisely the same degree of thoroughness in preparation, provided they can stand the strain of continuous study. This saving of time is a vital concern to young men of scanty means, who wish to prepare themselves for scientific and professional careers. Students of this class are now attending our universities in great numbers and would welcome the opportunity of gaining the full number of months of preparation within a less number of years. For them, university life is a period of intense work, on which they are concentrating all of their resources and energies, and they cannot afford long, vacant periods in which time goes forward while their course of training is at a stand-still.

It is further urged in behalf of the four-term university year that students will do better work if their studies are not interrupted for long periods in the summer, when they forget a good part of what they have learned during the previous eight or nine months. There is no doubt that students "get rusty" during each long vacation and return to college in that condition.

Objection to the four-term session is based to a great extent upon the belief that intellectual processes cannot be forced. It is asserted that students whose application is

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almost continuous will lose the mental elasticity which is vital if a maximum benefit is to be derived from their training. They may go "stale," like over-trained athletes.

The same argument applies to the professors. If almost their entire time is spent in the strenuous duties of oversight and instruction of students, they will not have the intervals for research of which they customarily make such excellent use. It is supposed, too, that just as during the summer term the interest of the student body will fall below normal, there will perhaps be a similar decline in the interest of their instructors.

A third point is a question of administration. It might be difficult to adjust the extensive and complex organization of one of our greater universities to the conditions of a summer term, and a considerable increase of expense would be involved.

At the same time it should be understood that the work of universities and colleges under the four-term session will be by no means lacking in opportunities for rest and recreation. It is planned that, at the end of each term of twelve weeks, the thirteenth week shall be an interlude of rest. This would amount to a total of four weeks' rest in the course of the year, besides the incidental holidays at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter. The mature young men who form the bulk of our university and college student body might be found to be amply satisfied with this arrangement.

Whatever may be the general decision of our universities and colleges as to putting this programme, or something like it, definitely into operation, I believe that American educators generally have received a stimulus from war conditions which will result in a more thrifty and less wasteful use of these great establishments for the instruction of youth. They have been developed by the public and private liberality of our people, and they are to be made to yield a larger return in public service.

ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN.

IN MEMORY OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

FALLEN IN FRANCE IN THE GLORIOUS YEAR 1918

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

He went singing down to death;
And the high Gods, who heard him,
Gave something of their breath
To the melodies that stirred him;
Lending some accents to his dying song
That only to abiding things belong.

His boyish heart had laughed
For joy of life's completeness—
Life had so brimmed the draught
It held for him with sweetness;
But when, unlooked for, came the suppliant cry
From tortured Lands, he put the full cup by.

Happy whose soul has wings
And has the strength to spread them!
Happy whose heart still brings
Its dreams where truth first led them!
Though he give all, his fellow men to save,
He has a tryst with Life, beyond the grave!

Blithely he took the path
Appointed him by Duty,
Whose face, viewed nearer, hath
Such deeps undreamed of beauty,—
Love, hope, ambition—he put all aside,
And for the things that do not perish, died.

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Soul, was it tragedy to fall like this?
Oh, lovely, lovely, lovely, courage is!
And death itself may be most sweet,
Though the lips thirst, and empty be the cup,
If won in climbing—climbing up—and up,
To heights where vision and fulfilment meet:
If won at last, by deeds that glorify
Our lowly dust, where 'neath an alien sky,
Their service unforgot,
They sleep who, loving greatly, faltered not,—
The happy brave, who never knew defeat!

A VOLUNTEER'S GRAVE

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

Not long ago, it was a bird
In vacant lilac skies
Could stir the sleep that hardly closed
His laughing eyes.

But here where murdering thunders rock
The lintels of the dawn,
Altho they shake his shallow bed,
Yet he sleeps on.

Another spring with rain and leaf
And buds serenely red,
And this field will have forgot
Its youthful dead.

And, wise of heart, who loved him best
Will be forgetting, too,
Even before their own beds gleam
With heedless dew.

Yet what have all the centuries
Of purpose, pain, and joy
Bequeathed us lovelier to recall
Than this dead boy?

THE PATH TO PEACE

BY CHARLES KELSEY GAINES

THE roads whose goal is peace, now as of yore,
Are trodden first by armies, and they lead
Athwart the field of battle; where the roar
Of cannon calls the reapers; and the seed
Which in the harvest yields the richest meed
Is watered by the life-blood of the sower.
The plough comes last; the axe still goes before.

POETS IN THE WAR

BY L. B. GILLET

THE war has stirred the world into poetry. As early as the fall of 1917 Mr. Gosse pointed out that more than five hundred volumes of original verse had been published since the beginning of the war, and the number must be double or treble that now. The output of war verse in Germany by civilians alone is reported to be upwards of a million pieces! This year's unprecedentedly large Christmas sales in books of poetry indicate the response of the readers. Do we really care more for poetry? Is the quality of the current poetry better? Or is it mere curiosity to see what the poetry of war can be like?

There would seem slim chance enough for poetry in a business in which man's chief object is to kill his fellow. In warfare itself, especially as it is conducted in modern times with all the refinements of invention for assuring the end of the enemy, if not of the race, and for minimizing to the uttermost the self-respect and glory of the individual fighter, even a born poet could find no inspiration. Experience of it has turned life black for many a poor lad, and sapped the very springs of joy. And the greater and more distinctive part of this verse has been written not by the on-lookers but by the soldiers themselves. In this circumstance lies its chief significance. Four years' trial of it has tended to make their presentation more and more uncompromisingly realistic. Many a poet who started with the vision of aspiration has ended with the lampblack and lightening of grim reality. The glamor of war is from henceforth utterly dispelled.

And yet the war has meant the regeneration of all the nations that have taken part in it. Mr. Masfield said last year:

I know what England was, before the war. She was a nation which had outgrown her machine, a nation which had forgotten her

soul, a nation which had destroyed Jerusalem among her dark Satanic mills.

And then, at a day's notice, at the blowing of a horn, at the cry from a little people in distress, all that was changed, and she remade her machine, and she remembered her soul, . . . and she cried, "I will rebuild Jerusalem in this green and pleasant land or die in the attempt."

. . . This was due to something kindling and alive in the nation's soul.

And this was but a reflection in large of what was going on among the individual soldiers. For as go the individuals, so go the nations. To lose self in working together for a great common end, to find a cause to dedicate oneself to large enough to satisfy even the most ambitious, to expend one's whole energy in standing up for others and laboring out their good, that was to truly live, that was to find one's soul. In this rediscovery of soul through the war is the true well-spring of its poetry.

Mr. Arthur Waugh, in a masterly article in the *Quarterly* for October, 1918, summarizes the spiritual evolution reflected in the course of this poetry as follows:

Springing from various and diverse temperaments, these poems illustrate in turn the honest soldier's fear of fear, his pilgrimage from self-consciousness to altruism, his absorption into the machinery of the war, and his gradual appreciation of the complex machinery as a collection of human characters, each individual and all interacting, combining at last into a unity in which self is merged absolutely in a sense of common purpose and general obligation.

That states very nicely the effect of the development evidenced in this poetry taken as a whole. But the most interesting thing of all is what it reveals about the men themselves.

Many of these poets were very young when they fell, and their verse, as one of their sympathetic readers remarked, is like a blossom just opening to the light. Among such perhaps young Captain Sorley is the shining example. Apparently even in his schooldays Sorley had an almost Rooseveltian enthusiasm for action as his *Call to Action* shows. His *Expectans Expectavi* has a deeper note. It is one of the simplest, manliest of the war poems of self-dedication. Sorley has written, too, in loving reminiscence of the country about Marlborough where he went to school. That was the land of his heart's desire. These poems of his are representative of quite a large number by others in

which longing transfigures the beauty of the country of home. Sorley's *Sonnet to Germany* is distinguished by its broad-minded and charitable attitude toward the enemy, not seldom appearing in this poetry, but perhaps the more remarkable in one so young.

You are blind like us. Your hurt no man designed,
And no man claimed the conquest of your land.
But, groppers both through fields of thought confined,
We stumble and we do not understand.
You only saw your future bigly planned,
And we, the tapering paths of our own mind,
And in each other's ways we stand,
And hiss and hate. And the blind fight the blind.

When it is peace, then we may view again
With new-won eyes each other's truer form,
And wonder. Grown more loving-kind and warm,
We'll grasp firm hands and laugh at the old pain,
When it is peace. But until peace, the storm,
The darkness, and the thunder and the rain.

Unless exception be made in favor of Robert Hillyer, who has himself served in a double capacity in the war but whose very beautiful sonnets do not directly concern it, and of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, the attractiveness and nobility of whose life found but one of its many expressions in a handful of fine poems, Alan Seeger seems the only true poet America has produced in this war. Seeger had a spirit singularly intense, intrepid, and a little terrible, because of certain limitations in its humanity. No man in whom there was very nimble play of the sense of humor could, I think, in these times quite have lived his life. His nature had the striking simplicity of many a strong man's. He himself epitomized his life-story in the well-known sonnet addressed to Sidney.

A rich sensuous endowment he was enabled by the smile of circumstances to cultivate to the full. He seems to have been born with an instinct for the harmony as well as the color of words, and very carefully practiced his gift. At Harvard he went deep into mediaeval romance. His college chums write of him as rather disturbingly careless of what such fellows expect of a man. Before the war he seemed indifferent even to the publication of his verse, and drifted without business or anchoring interest in life. He seems to have been one of those rare cases where a man's latent power and ability warrant his taking himself so

seriously. For once in the war there was no doubt in his own mind as to his course nor in the mind of his comrades as to his ability. There he found and gave himself completely. In a very special sense he had come into his own.

In this way of so convincingly finding himself, of gaining through the war "the sense of the job" that is so wholesome, he is representative, I think, of the experience of a great many young men in the war. His spirit and enthusiasm never flagged, and this despite the price of sickening misery and discomfort, back-laden marches that felled many a man stronger than he, standing inactive against all the dangers of battle without any of its exhilaration,—the hardest thing, as he said, of all. The exercise of his physical strength to the fullest in a cause that satisfied his whole heart thrilled him. "Be sure," he writes his mother, "that I shall play the part well for I was never in better health nor *felt my manhood more keenly*." To do that was peculiarly satisfying to him. As he got nearer and nearer to the great testing moments of "advance," his spirits mounted higher and higher. He became *élan* incarnate. He is very representative, too, of many of the fighting poets in that his eye for beauty did not fail him, no matter what the circumstances in which he was placed. The frost-kindled foliage and frost-sparkled air are a part of all his account of that first glorious autumn in France. When opportunity offers he goes out of his way to enjoy the scenery. No beauty that comes in the way of his daily life escapes him. Seeger felt, too, very profoundly the sense of fatalism that creeps over so many men in the army. He, I think, is the best spokesman of this widely prevalent mood because by force of imagination he connects this submergence of the individual in the movement of the whole with the grander phenomena of nature, cosmic forces. This is best illustrated in the stirring poem called *The Hosts*, and in prose, toward the end of a letter he wrote for the *New York Sun*:

Alone under the stars, war in its cosmic rather than its moral aspect reveals itself to him. Regarded from this more abstract plane the question of right and wrong disappears. Peoples war because strife is the law of nature and force the ultimate arbitrament among humanity no less than the rest of the universe. He is on the side he is fighting for, not in the last analysis from ethical motives at all, but because destiny has set him in such a constellation. The sense of his responsibility is strong upon him. Playing a part in the life of nations he is taking part in the largest movement his planet allows him.

He thrills with the sense of filling an appointed necessary place in the conflict of hosts, and facing the enemy's crest above which the Great Bear wheels upward to the zenith, he feels, with a sublimity of enthusiasm that he has never before known, a kind of companionship with the stars!

It is granted few to live out so completely their true and inner selves. Alan Seeger put his dreams and loves and aspiration all into burning practice. He surely attained to the experience he once said he especially sought.

My interest in life was passion, my object to experience it in all rare and refined, in all intense and violent forms.

He lived his poet's vision. To realize what a deepening of spirit the experience of war meant to him one has only to read the earlier sonnets, richly harmonious as they are, beside the last, or any typical poem of Juvenilia side by side with the noble ode, *For the American Volunteers Fallen for France*. Seeger, solitary as he was, valued and enjoyed to the full "the bond of common dangers shared, common sufferings borne, common glories achieved, which knits men together in real comradeship." It is significant that the associates in the Foreign Legion he especially mentions in his letters, and the comrade who so vividly described his splendid heroic end, are foreigners, Serb, Arab and Egyptian. He speaks repeatedly about the special privilege and honor he feels it to march side by side with the Frenchman,—“the admiration of all who love liberty and heroism in its defence.” The rendezvous with Death that was his lot must have been quite after the heart of him whose poem presaged it.

One or two lesser poets illustrate in a certain sense Milton's characterization of a book as “the precious life-blood of a master spirit,” for their poems will live by virtue of the personality they express. Eminent among these are Captain Robert Graves and Captain Julian Grenfell. All I know about Graves is that he has a jolly little house in Wales and is the father of a couple of lively kids,—dream children most likely,—who romp into *Fairies and Fusiliers*, teasing their daddy. He is also the vivacious friend of Sorley, Nichols, and Sassoon, for they all write one another merry letters in verse. But reading only so few of his poems as are included in *Georgian Poetry* will impress you with his spirit. He carries everything off with a jaunty air. War may be tedious and hard and grim, but good fellowship

can do much. To match fortune with high spirits is a man's game, and if a man's, how much more a poet's. For a poet, long before the war, Graves had resolved to be. His poems are the outcome of animal spirits, whimsies of fancy, mirth, and fun. To even an underlyingly deep-felt poem on the death of a friend, *David and Goliath*, he must give a humoristic cast. In the heaven of his conception there must be found place for hunting. All life's to be taken with a joke. Even when you can't keep the tears back, it's to be played with the spirit of the game. To keep one's spirits on tiptoe and to find sport in everything is a service to literature as well as to one's comrades in arms. One can rest assured of Robert Graves' popularity in the ranks. Even his readers inevitably think of him as "Bobbie," the high-hearted and jovial, and they like his verse because in it there's so much of him.

Julian Grenfell will always be remembered for his versatility. He was one of those rare young fellows who do everything from hunting to writing a poem, and who do everything well. The balance of his many-sided life would have delighted a Greek, as Mr. Gosse remarked, the passionate energy with which he threw himself into whatever he did, an Italian Renaissance prince. Though he had ever been as eager in the pursuit of knowledge as of proficiency in manly games, it was the war that turned him poet. His most famous poem, *Into Battle*, he wrote upon hearing the news of Rupert Brooke's death and but a month before his own. "His lips must have been touched when he wrote it," was Mr. Kipling's verdict, and it is reported that a young officer has already fallen at the head of his charging men repeating,

The thundering line of battle stands
While in the air Death moans and sings.

The poem's intimate union of nature with the soldier's life and death is illustrative of a very marked characteristic of this war poetry.¹

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,

¹ Masfield's *August 1914* is the great poem of the war for associating the beauty of the home country with the going forth of its men, century after century, to fight for it

And with the trees to newer birth;
And find when fighting shall be done,
Great rest and fulness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sister Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.
The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing."

The figure of Rupert Brooke is the fairest immortalized by the war. Every one who had any association with him in life, or even once saw him, seems to have been struck by his beauty and the charm of his ways. It's not quite a "flaming glory" he left behind him. His attraction was too still and balanced and steady for that. He was more like a star than a comet. Mr. Marsh's *Memoir* gives one the impression rather of a strong personality as capable as it was beautiful, and one most fortunately circumstanced and befriended. For Brooke lifelong commanded the friends that bring such a nature out and are best able to appreciate it. No poet at his death was more fitly comraded. The beautiful letters his friends, especially the young musician, Denis Browne, wrote home from Scyros prove that. For once such letters are just as they should be. In his biographer and his critics Brooke was again most fortunate. Remarks of his friends help us to understand how he won them and something of the secret of his charm. To begin with, "he was the incarnation of the spirit of youth, wearing the glamour and glory of youth like a shining garment." "When he entered a room," writes Mr. Gosse, "he seemed to bring sunshine with him, although he was usually rather silent, and pointedly immobile. He lived in a fascinated

state, bewitched with wonder and appreciation." A true and constant eye to the spirit of things was probably most tributary to the impression of radiance he made. He was observant, perceptive, sympathetic, and as Mr. Drinkwater says, "It is intensity in perception that creates poetry." That, I take it, was Rupert Brooke's special genius.

The early perfection of his art, so far as technique goes, critics have already commented upon, and also the philosophic background before which all the detailed vividness of his imagery moves. This early mastery of technique together with his pronounced intellectuality might have made for a certain hard brilliance of style had not the life-content quickly matched it. From excess of abstraction the young poet was saved partly by grace of humor, which in his whole personality harmonized vivacity and culture to a degree especially rare in youth, partly by the fine balance his literary sense enabled him to preserve between the abstract and the concrete. The last is beautifully exemplified in *The Funeral of Youth*. He started with the two fairy gifts, invaluable to poets, a love for words in themselves, and a nimbleness of imagination that could run into ecstasy.

One wouldn't have to read ten lines of a typical poem of his without realizing what a fine feeling he had for words and for running them simply together and yet as if in instinctive accord with the harmony that was himself.

The clean-cut and delightfully sly expression of his humor is seen at its best in the poem called Heaven.

Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond;
But is there anything Beyond?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were!
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And sure, the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not Wholly Dry.

The *Voice* is a very illuminating poem to be read in connection with Brooke's so-called "shocking" poems the effect of which upon his readers doubtless gave the young reactionary no little glee. Brooke was always just enough of an idealist, seeker after the veritably true, to be shocked

in just the way he vividly pictures there by any sense of shortcoming or divergence. In the first great 1914 sonnet the emphasis is often put on the wrong word in the line,

And all the little emptiness of love

It was just because true love was to him anything but empty that he wrote so many poems exposing its counterfeits. Superb rhetoric never rang truer than in his early poem, *The Call*, which was no hyperbole to his conception of what real love means. This strain in his poetry is but an outward sign of a moral fiber within him all ready for the deepening experience of the war and to be wrung into as fine and high a poetry as the idealism of the war called forth. Perhaps as telling as Mr. Churchill's much-quoted and eloquent words on the significance of the *1914 Sonnets* is the simple testimony of a V. A. D. nurse:

More than any other poet of the time, Rupert Brooke, interpreted and embodied the spirit in which our men have gone to this fight—not from blind lust of battle or desire of conquest, not as slaves driven to the slaughter by a military tyrant, but with clear eyes and steady hands keenly conscious of the joy of life, of all that they are relinquishing, yet willing and unafraid.

But *The Great Lover* and *Grantchester* are in their way as characteristic poems of Brooke. Their power consists in his quiet but contagious perception of the beauty and joy of simple things, of the deeper, spiritual significance of life. Owing to this insight he had, life was ever rich, wonderful, and alluring to him. To live life truly was to radiate happiness, to express it truly, poetry. No wonder Rupert Brooke lives in men's memories as the ideal of a young poet, for in his short life he yet achieved all three of the things he said made up the world for him, "one, to read poetry, another, to write poetry, and best of all, to live poetry." And the best was his in fullest measure.

The poetry written after the war had dragged on a year or more is very different in mood from that written at first. This change, conspicuous in the poetry as a whole, is pronounced in the course of the work of Captain Robert Nichols and Captain Siegfried Sassoon.

Mr. Nichols' poems of the war will be very dear to all who went out from college. And I think especially so to Americans, for in many ways Nichols' experience was like theirs. It was of just such lads as he that Miss Letts was

thinking in her unforgettable poem, *The Spires of Oxford*. Young Nichols had known nothing of war, probably little intimately of army life; once in, he felt the strain and terror and preying despondency of it with all the sensitiveness of his fine unhardened nature. And in a succession of poems arranged something in the order of occurrence he has dared to tell the truth about what he felt and saw. Terror changing into confidence and trust, grim endurance, heart-breaking incidents of life in the trenches, the sense of the officer's responsibility and his deep love for his men banishing all other love, the assault itself, are all there. No one, except perhaps Lieutenant E. A. Mackintosh, has excelled Nichols in the expression of the regard and affection of the officer for his men. In two of the manliest and most deeply felt of soldier elegies he pays beautiful tribute to friends that had fallen. He himself was severely wounded at Loos, and doomed to the harrowing memories of a tedious convalescence, to which I fancy we owe some of his best poems. Of the sorrow-laden emotions of his slow emergence he has told us in a series of candid poems called *Aftermath*. Many a young fellow, akin to Nichols in feeling and experience but without his gift of word, will clutch these poems to his heart as the voice of his own soul. In that Nichols usually sticks to the scene and action immediately before him, has nothing to say of the great purpose of the war, of enthusiasm for the cause, of hatred for the enemy, I think he is also representative of the experience of many in this war. What the ardors of war have been to him and to spirits like him, his poems also show,—the making of manhood, that is, through perseverance, hardship, and the seeing and doing of deeds that are at once savagery and heroism. In reading them you feel very close to a manly spirit in its hours of sorest trial. One looks forward with eagerness to the future work of a soul so awakened and of a faith come of such an ordeal.

A special sense of relief comes over one with the thought that Captain Sassoon was spared to live through and out of the war. His unusually long experience of it has wrought so complete a change in his temper. He is another of those big, all round men who, according to Nichols' account, wrote poetry before the war much as he dashed off of an early morning to the hunt. He divided his time be-

tween field sports and art. He loved music and tennis and books. Above all he had the poet's eye for the finer essence of truth which in poetry means beauty, and he soon learned the command of a magic of expression which is perhaps the first thing that strikes you in his earliest publicly printed volume. Lines you come upon there that seem to have taken some beauty of nature into the poet's heart and given it back illumined and fairly "drenched with the dews of human emotion."

Blindly I sought the woods that I had known
 So beautiful with morning when I came
 Amazed with spring that wove the hazel copse
 With misty raiment of awakening green.
 I found a holy dimness, and the peace
 Of sanctuary, austere built of trees,
 And wonder stooping from a tranquil sky.

Such witchery and enchantment of expression mark Sassoon as unmistakably of the tradition of magic in English poetry. Wonder is born anew in the heart of every poet. In such passages we feel that Sassoon is himself of the wise about whom he writes,

Who gazed in breathing wonderment,
 And left us their brave eyes,
 To light the ways they went.

But after reading his last volume, *Counter-Attack*, and indeed many of the poems in *The Old Huntsman*, one wonders whether he can ever quite walk in those ways again. One wonders if, after all this haunting familiarity with killing and its attendant circumstances he will ever have the heart for even "the angry, eager feeling, a huntsman ought to have." He invokes the old spell of "paradise," the name playfully given to some of his earlier poems, but the fairy gift of speech seems for the time denied him. The curse of war has bitten into his very soul. Sassoon once exclaimed after commending Nichols for his success in voicing the manly discipline of war:

Now let us nevermore say another word of whatever little may be good in war for the individual who has a heart to be steeled.

Let no one ever from henceforth say a word in any way countenancing war. It is dangerous even to speak of how here and there the individual may gain some hardihood of soul by it. For war is hell and those who institute it are criminals. Were there anything to say for

it, it should not be said for its spiritual disasters far outweigh any of its advantages.

And it is to the enforcing of this earnest and deep-seated conviction that all his later poems are addressed. In *Conscripts* he tells us with grim humor how the experience of war gradually put into constraint the various elements of poetry within him. One cannot but hope though that there are deep enough springs of happiness within the author

Whose heart *was* a haunted woodland murmuring,
to in time win him out again of the shadow of war.

I sometimes think what is suppressed in some of the poets of lesser volume is more impressive than the most outspoken and glaring realism. This is true of the last poem I have read of Sergeant Leslie Coulson. He was in the war by September, 1914, having declined a commission, and for two long years he served in Egypt, Malta, Gallipoli, and France. How a sense of the tears in things had fled like the shadow of a cloud across his naturally sunny, carefree disposition he had sung in *But a Short Time to Live* with the winning music and spontaneity of phrase that always characterize the best song. That the joys of home-coming would make up for all he had undergone was the thought he cheered himself with in a later song but those he himself was never to know. No wonder after those unfurloughed years of hard service in a poem in another mood called *Judgment* he insists when all is over and known that he is to be the judge of God and not God of him. And yet he could write *The Rainbow* within a month of his death:

I watch the white dawn gleam,
To the thunder of hidden guns.
I hear the hot shells scream
Through skies as sweet as a dream
Where the silver dawn-break runs.
And stabbing of light
Scorches the virginal white.
But I feel in my being the old, high, sanctified thrill,
And I thank the gods that the dawn is beautiful still.

From death that hurtles by
I crouch in the trench day-long,
But up to a cloudless sky
From the ground where our dead men lie

A brown lark soars in song.
 Through the tortured air,
 Rent by shrapnel's flare,
 Over the troubleless dead he carols his fill,
 And I thank the gods that the birds are beautiful still.

Where the parapet is low
 And level with the eye
 Poppies and cornflowers glow
 And the corn sways to and fro
 In a pattern against the sky.
 The gold stalks hide
 Bodies of men who died
 Charging at dawn through the dew to be killed or to kill.
 I thank the gods that the flowers are beautiful still.

When night falls dark we creep
 In silence to our dead.
 We dig a few feet deep
 And leave them there to sleep—
 But blood at night is red,
 Yea, even at night,
 And a dead man's face is white.
 And I dry my hands, that are also trained to kill,
 And I look at the stars—for the stars are beautiful still.

To make the record of even the poets who have written of this war with distinction in any wise complete one would have to add a great many other names. I should like particularly to speak of some of the very interesting lesser verse, for example, the sailor song of Mr. C. Fox-Smith or the simple lyrics of Sergeant Patrick MacGill that touch the heart and are much nearer the song stuff Tommy Atkins and Poilu and Yank would make for themselves than most of the more highly wrought literary pieces I have been considering. I should like to quote some of the lovely, fancy-quick lyrics of Francis Ledwidge. But I may only speak of two other poets, Lieutenants Robert Ernest Vernède and William Noel Hodgson, very different in age but similar in manly spirit and heroic consecration.

Such poems as Vernède's *Little Sergeant*, *Before the Assault*, and *A Petition* are not only the work by which he will be longest remembered, but memorial, because of their author, of a small group of volunteers in the war not often thought of and to whom great honor is due. I mean the men beyond what is usually considered the fighting age whose patriotic ardor steeled them to overcome hard-

ships greater for them even than for their younger comrades. What a thrilling satisfaction it must have been to such brave hearts to feel that they were proving themselves the worthy comrades of those younger fellows whom they envied and loved! To Vernède belongs especial credit. He was thirty-nine, when after two futile attempts he succeeded in enlisting. Nothing in his previous life, except his athletic prowess at Oxford, had fitted him for the life of a soldier. Since leaving college he had devoted himself to literature and to the care of his beautiful flower-garden. That his resolve to enlist was determined with the writing of *The Call* probably accounts for the peculiar force and attraction of that poem, and *A Petition* is himself in the high lights of his life and in his bearing toward the soldier's death.

Lieutenant Hodgson, on the other hand, was but twenty-three when he fell, thoughtful and old enough, however, to write a prayer just before engaging in his last action, which grips the heart. Strength of serious, manly character,—the moral fibre in the English strain which literature long ago recognized in the application of that epithet "moral" to one of Chaucer's contemporaries,—is the source of the compelling power of Hodgson's little group of poems. As you might expect, Hodgson had what he himself called a "passionate allegiance" for the grand old school of his education. In the poem called *Durham*, and especially in *The Master-Smiths* (the smiths are the masters of the school) and *Ave Mater-atque Vale*, he has paid noble tribute to the ideals for which a school should stand and for which it will be loved, and to the part that they play in the making of men. The event in his case proved how well-grounded was his faith that the old school sent her sons forth well-armored in manhood for the battle of life. His sonnet to a friend killed early in the war gives indirect expression to his own devotion to "things above the common run of duty." And he acted his ideals. On the way back to rest camp after furious fighting at Loos he dwells upon the thought of the divinity brought out in his fellow man:

We that have seen the strongest
Cry like a beaten child,
The sanest eyes unholy,
The cleanest hands defiled;

We that have known the heart blood
 Less than the lees of wine,
 We that have seen men broken,
 We know man is divine.

Before Action, fortunately the most familiar of his poems, is the poem of his life:

By all the glories of the day,
 And the cool evening's benison:
 By the last sunset touch that lay
 Upon the hills when day was done:
 By beauty lavishly outpoured,
 And blessings carelessly received,
 By all the days that I have lived,
 Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all men's hopes and fears
 By all the wonders poets sing,
 The laughter of unclouded years,
 And every sad and lovely thing:
 By the romantic ages stored
 With high endeavor that was his,
 By all his mad catastrophes,
 Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill
 Saw with uncomprehending eyes
 A hundred of thy sunsets spill
 Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
 Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
 May say good-bye to all of this:—
 By all delights that I shall miss,
 Help me to die, O Lord.

Such is the manliness of the songs that have come out of the resolution and courage of youth. Such are the lives that the winning of the war has cost us. The bravery of men's minds and deeds is proved as great, if not greater, than ever. And dreadful as the conditions and acts of war are, we can well believe such fellows as these when they say that the life of the spirit accompanying it has been the best they have ever known.

The essential nobility and loving kindness of man have triumphantly re-asserted themselves. These few poems are but one expression of the spirit that has dominated mankind and found expression in most diverse of ways. The bettering of society for which these men fought and which would be the only fit memorial to those who have fallen it is for us to assure.

L. B. GILLET.

TO TWO UNKNOWN LADIES¹

BY AMY LOWELL

LADIES, I do not know you, and I think
I do not want to. And a strange beginning
I make with that. Admitted; there's the odds.
You live between the covers of a book,
At least for me, but then I've known a crowd
Of other people who do that. My mind
Is stuffed with phantoms out of poets' brains.
But you are out of nothing but the air,
Or were, rather, for one of you is dead.
Dead or alive, it is the same to me,
Since all our contact lies in printer's ink.

But even this, peculiar as it is,
Is but a thread of singularity.
Here is another, that I see you double,
Each one beheld in profile, as it were.
And yet the full-face view is not composite,
But shows two totally specific halves
Which do not blend and still are not distinct.
And again why should I perplex my eyes
With trying so hard to draw you both together
As though you were a lighted candle, split
Upon an oculist's dissecting spectacles?

You see the thing is really not so simple
As A. B. C., or Keats, or "Christabel,"
And that is where the plague comes in for me.
For here, sitting quite calmly in my chair,
Settled down comfortably to an evening's reading,
I open up the queerest possibility,
Namely: the visitation of a ghost.
Suppose I throw you down the glove at once

¹The "Unknown Ladies" are the Misses Sommerville and Ross, whose writings on Irish Life and Character have captivated many readers besides Miss Lowell.—EDITOR.

And say I'm haunted, does that bring the answer?
If so, it blurs beyond what I can grasp
And foggy answers leave us where we were.

If either of you much attracted me
We could fall back upon phenomena
And make a pretty story out of psychic
Balances, but not to be too broad
In my discourtesy, nor prudish neither
(Since, really, I can hardly quite suppose
With all your ghostliness you follow me),
I feel no such attraction. Or if one
Bows to my sympathy for the briefest space,
Snap—it is gone! And, worst of all to tell,
What broke it is not in the least dislike
But utter boredom.

Now I acknowledge you are sensible,
And so I put it squarely; is there not
A strange absurdity in being haunted
By ghosts who crack one's jaws upon a yawn?
If that were all of it! But nothing's all.
For just as I am oozing into sleep,
See-sawing gently out of consciousness,
A phrase of yours will laugh out loud and clang
Me broad awake. And still there's more to come:
Sometimes I catch the faintest whiff of flutes.
And that I hold to be a paradox.

Did ever ladies lead so dull a life
As you? At least according to my taste
(I'll be polite enough to put it so).
You wrote, but, Great Saint Peter, tell me how!
With half a destiny. Now we, poor devils,
Fill our ink-wells with entrails, pour our veins
To wet a pencil point, and end at last
As shrivelled as a pod of money-wort,
And (let me say this in a neat aside)
We hope as shining. So do artists live,
And skulls are best when turned to flower-pots.

Now your way: Half a year, or more, or less;
A book tossed off between two sets of tennis,

Or jotted down some morning of hard frost
When the hounds could not run. Pale Jesus Christ,
Is this an effort worthy to be classed
Beyond the writing of cake recipes?
One of you painted. Well, you have no shame
To call such trash a picture. Years and years
You studied with the patient, stupid zeal
Of every amateur, and to this day
You never guess how badly you have done.

You speak of music, and my nerve-ends sting
Thinking of Chopin sentimentalized
By innocent young ladyhood; of Liszt
Doted upon, his tinsel rhodomontade
Held for high romance. And the ghastly nights
On cracked hotel pianos! It would be
Experience to read of washier stuff.
And yet—and yet—this clearly is not all.
Or why should I go back to you again,
Evening and evening, in a kind of thirst,
Surprising my tongue upon an almond taste.

A puzzling business. Everything comes back
And hooks upon a question. I suspect
Myself of cheating, stacking a full pack
With diamond Jacks extraordinary and Queens
Of Spades enough to make a declaration
Of quite superb inviolability.
But if the pack were dealt again, what then?
So what's the truth behind my set of it,
If I can keep my eyes clear long enough
To get a squint thereat? Almonds, I said,
Smooth, white, and bitter, wonderfully almonds.

Your fingers were unequal to the task
Of fashioning pictures, they were not enough.
For pictures take the whole and whip it round
To something out of you; and this you could
Contrive, but not as artists, since this thing
Was not your making. You were pigment, line.
I will not split you up to parts and parts,
Suffice it that the pictures here are you.
Double and single, like chrysanthemums,

Each of one family, but with just differences
Of color and habit and the arch of stem.

Two halves, I said, and here I patterned rightly.
A frail half and a virile, but both shoots
Of one straight mother tree. It is your nobleness
That shocks a fire across these photographs
And makes them a contentment for strained eyes
Hurt by the ugliness of crowds in streets,
Stumbling short-sighted in a group of gargoyles.
You might have posed for caryatides,
With wind-drawn garments sucking round your limbs,
Your beauty blushing through their flattened gauze,
Before a temple, on a sunny day.

I wonder I am Greek enough to feel
Such solace in mere outline. But again,
As always where I find you are concerned,
This does not finish your effect. For when
I write down Greek, it is inadequate.
Marble you are, but there's that jet of fire
Like a red sunset on a fall of snow.
I feel a wind blowing off heather hills,
Am vaguely conscious of the moan of waves,
And sea-weed fronds pulsating in a pool.
Now this, of course, is anything but Greek.

Horses and dogs! You say yourself that they
Are stuck with limpet-closeness to your life.
And there, I think, is more than parallel.
For dogs and horses have a wistfulness,
A pathos, in their bursts of gaiety
Which tears the heart, even when crinky-tail
Sets dogs in bundles racing round a lawn
Or snaps a horse's feet to jigging springs
Cat-dancing with a sudden twitch of ears.
And you are both like that, for your jokes bob
Under taut flags across a bay of tears.

That figure is so old, I feel a twinge
Of hot compunction at using it again.
But even artists stub their toes sometimes
Upon the fallen centuries, and Helen

Was much considered by the youth of Troy.
I think perhaps your prototypes in Sparta
Called forth that metaphor. But let it pass.
It is a fact that my eyes itch and burn
At this of you on horseback. Foolish! Oh,
Shall you call folly at this time of day,
You, who tell tales of banshees in a park!

Again a facet. Like a lapidary
I cut and cut in microscopic flakes,
But never get the gem for all these sides.
There's more to you than single flesh and blood
Though these be fine and clear as new-stripped almonds.
And more than tears; but what it is drifts out
Beyond the surf-line of my consciousness
And blurs in dazzle so I lose its edge.
The puzzle grows as I unravel it,
For all these feelings come out of a book
And you, who cannot write, have written it.

There's food for many solitary munchings,
And sticks to beat an artist's soul withal.
You cannot write and look what you have written:
Two lives which stare and twinkle on the page
So that I blind in looking. That's a glare
To put out farthing candles of professionals.
Had I not seen your drawings, I might almost
Have been bewitched by that hotel piano
And guessed you better understood your Chopin.
Now I am all at sea and clinging
To horses and a cat-leap at a fence.

Well, there it stands, and what I get is life,
And love held back and breaking up and out.
Your heart is never on your sleeve, you say;
But try your hardest, it is in your pen,
And death is nothing to vitality
Swinging across a second heart. At best
One sees a breeding like those draperies
Which cool my naked caryatides.
Why, I'm not dead, but merely gone in space
And that you slap away with easy hand
Drawing me closer much than you intend.

Perhaps the very queerest of these facts
Is that I feel apologies are due
For just this thing which wakes my admiration.
You do not want me crowding in behind
That carefully embroidered sleeve, and yet
What I behold mounts to a blazing altar,
And both are there before it, worshipping.
Will you forgive this little pinch of incense,
For one of you is dead and she will know,
Perhaps, at least, what magic brought me here.
And I will never seek to meet the other,
I only write to exorcise a ghost.

AMY LOWELL.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

ADAM, EVE, AND THE COSMOS¹

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"MOST exquisite, most adorable, copper-crowned lily, eyes soft as water and hard as steel, mouth that Cupid might steal with which to make a bow, most exquisite, most adorable . . . I place in each of your palms a kiss so heavy that you shall carry the stigmata of Eros . . ." Do managers of munition factories make love like that? To be sure, this was no ordinary munition-maker. Cottenham, owner and manager of the Cottenham Works, had brilliant blue eyes, close-cropped curly brown hair that exhaled masculinity and taste for good living, and in moments of balked desire he rushed to the piano and sought to massage his complex by playing Debussy, having found Bach too much like a Cambridge don to suit his need. It is surprising to learn that he finally took refuge in a piano piece of Maurice Ravel's called *Gallows*. We know that piece. It is no piece for an erotic munition-maker, with its tonal evocations of cold winds sporting with dead men's locks, and staring eyes that the crows have pecked. But no doubt there was a lurking Freudian nigger in Cottenham's psychic wood-pile who could not have been placated by so obviously appropriate a piece as the Prelude to *Tristan and Isolde*—besides, Wagner does not come out well on the piano, and Cottenham, being a munition-maker of fine aesthetic responsiveness, knew enough not to put musical cordite into an ivory container.

A strange fellow, this amorous munitionist! But very deadly—a masculine "vamp." His erotic history had begun when he was fifteen, and now, within marching dis-

¹ *Blind Alley*, by W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1919.

tance of middle age, we find him still exerting the lethal charm of his close-cropped curls upon the undisciplined hearts of the girl workers in his plant. Monica, who did her bit as an upper-class Englishwoman by staining her hands with TNT in Cottenham's factory, yielded with amazing precipitateness when she met her boss strolling in the byways wearing a brown suit and smoking a pipe. Then it was that M. Bergson's justly celebrated Life Force awoke in Monica's breast and began to clamor for exercise.

We must confess that our heart sank when we learned that Monica was "passionately unawakened." We have known these unawakened ladies in the febrile pages of Mrs. Glyn—they walk in their sleep, and one must keep an eye on them, and a restraining hand on their fugacious nighties. True to type, Monica lost no time. Though unawakened, she not only walked in her sleep—she ran. This was made easy, first, by the fact that she was (as the fanciful Cottenham justly viewed her) a wood-nymph, tall and very slim, and enjoying, in the words of his poetizing imagination, a scamper through the thickets of birch, where a watcher might have glimpsed the flashing of a white flank among the shadowy tree trunks. She lost, we have said, no time: for though, on page 161 of Mr. George's veracious chronicle of contemporary England, she is still unawakened, it is only three pages further on that we find her "overwhelmed by a feeling of sweetest sin" and telling herself that she is "not moral."

She spoke quite sternly to herself: "Look here, my dear girl, do try and realize he's married to a woman who's much better looking than you. . . . He adores his children. That settles marriage, quite apart from the fact that he hasn't suggested it, but anyhow—it's unthinkable." She was facing something, she realized, "that was not done"—no indeed—but between which and herself stood only a traditional code without precise moral penalties. But what can you do with a blue-eyed munition-maker whose hair curls crisply and who makes love like an Old Testament amorist? Unawakened on page 161, it is disconcerting to be told on page 168 that "You are tall and slim like an ear of wheat in the moonlight." On page 171 it becomes crystal-clear that this rhapsodic munition-maker with the crisp curls Means No Good to Our Nellie. For at that point he takes her hand,—a hand that trembles,—turns

it palm upward, and presses into its hollow the "heavy kiss" described in our opening paragraph.

Thereafter, "as easily as one thing leads to another" (in Mr. Kipling's phrase) we find him sending her an envelope containing a Key and a note that reads as follows:

This key will let you into Bull's Field as they call it, into the Garden of Eden if you like.

This delicate symbolism turns the trick, and in a deserted shanty, in a field shut away from the world by high palings and carpeted by shy blue speedwell and stitchwort, Monica and the munition-maker pass a pleasant evening—marred for the fastidious student of erotic processes, in the recounting, only by the fact that Cottenham's crisp locks were "rebellious" as Monica stroked them. We had thought that Mr. Robert W. Chambers held the international copyright on *Rebellious Hair*.

But it is, we are happy to say, nothing more consequential than this copyright that is violated. Mr. Chambers' other celebrated copyrights are left unfringed. The most important of them all—the copyright on the *Deciduous Kimona*—is untouched. For Cottenham, after carefully examining the historic Apple and savoring its fragrance, decides to preserve it instead of eating it. In other words, by a graceful transit from the third to the thirty-ninth chapter of *Genesis*, this heedful Adam and his Eve are metamorphosed before our eyes into Joseph and the spouse of Potiphar.

And meanwhile, the war goes on. Cottenham "crushed her to him" (Mr. George's erotic vocabulary, as we have uneasily indicated, is strangely Chamberian) while the gallant Roumanians retreated before Mackensen; he makes love to Monica over the telephone in the same breath with which he tells her that the Somme offensive has begun. Venus cuddles in the lap of Mars.

* * * * *

Mr. George in this novel has grappled very energetically with his heart-breaking task—an attempt to transfix the England of 1916-1919. It is a brave attempt; but the canvas, for all its desperate contemporaneity, is curiously lifeless. There is no royal road to imaginative re-creation. Certainly Mr. George has not achieved actuality by the simple process of

sprinkling his pages with the names of Lloyd George, Trotzky and Lenine, the British Labor Party, Wilson, Carson, Raemakers, Clemenceau, Ian Hay, Kitchener, Gompers, and turning the reflections of his protagonists into admirably written leaders from the *Manchester Guardian*. The process by which Sir Hugh slides from the *Spectator* and the upper-class traditions of English country life, to the London *Nation* and radical speculations, has not been made credible merely by identifying Sir Hugh's meditations with the progressive pamphleteering of the war. The imaginative capture of an epoch involves a subtler and more difficult process than that.

Mr. George has not pulled off an artistic success. Monica and her abstemious lover; the woodland adulteries of Sylvia and other ladies; Cradoc the "C. O.," the ferocities of Lady Oakley,—these are like the typical personifications of a cartoonist; if it were not for their labels, their significance would be lost. And it is amazing that so shrewd an observer, so excellent a realist as Mr. George (the George of *A Bed of Roses* and *The Second Blooming*) should be willing to stand for the absurdities of such mannikins as Cottenham and Monica. If Mr. George had been less anxious to put over his "cosmic attempt" (as he calls it) "to show a world society in the midst of a world movement," and had looked a bit more steadily and curiously into the hearts of his creatures, he would have written a better book. It is so easy *not* to be cosmic.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE HISTORY OF HENRY FIELDING. By Wilbur L. Cross. New Haven: Yale University Press.

Mr. Cross's three-volume biography of Fielding—a work by no means too extensive in view of the historic importance and the permanent human interest of its subject—is an attempt to get at the real man in the only possible way. That way implies not only intensive study, but comprehensive research. The character of the genius who wrote *Tom Jones* cannot be adequately epitomized, any more than can that of his hero: in fact, *The History of Tom Jones* and *The History of Henry Fielding* contain about the same number of words. Author and hero alike are, indeed, especially liable to unconscious misrepresentation not only by hostile critics but by admiring friends. It is an open question, whether Henley, for example, did not do Fielding and *Tom Jones* almost as much harm as good by his brilliant comments on that “buxom” book and his peppery defense of the author. But such one-sided interpretation is entirely natural. In judging a man of a nature so large, of a personality so strong, and of an adaptability so manifold as Fielding's, the temptation is great to accept a partial for a complete view. In the case of some men of genius, the two views are not, to be sure, far apart. The real Wordsworth, the real Coleridge, are not distinctly different men from the Wordsworth and the Coleridge of tradition; boil down the anecdotes, and you have something like the truth. Both these men had traits that may be caricatured but scarcely exaggerated, and these traits lay close to their inner natures. But the complete Fielding, as revealed by responsible biography, is a totally different man from the incomplete Fielding of anecdote and tradition; and this would remain true even if anecdote and tradition did not in regard to so many matters simply lie.

Fielding was unfortunate in his first biographer. Arthur Murphy was a man of moderate talents and of weak good will who rapidly—as such men sometimes do under stress of a hard life—went to seed. A sincere admirer of Fielding, he transferred his allegiance after the novelist's death to Dr. Johnson, whom he flattered. Ultimately, it is said, he “ate himself out of every tavern from the other side of Temple-Bar to the west side of the town.” When “not yet in his full moral decline,” he was employed by the publisher Millar, to select and edit the work of Fielding, with a memoir. Murphy, of course, botched the business. Puzzle-headed, a typical hack-writer in his willingness to use such materials as would seem most effective, he could not be expected to do otherwise. “It is to his honor,” says Mr. Cross, “that

he removed several imputations against the character of Fielding. But by that peculiar psychology which, with rare exceptions, has always been applied to Fielding, he eventually turned most of his virtues into imperfections, follies, and vices."

Thus the Fielding legend—a legend that has always appealed to lovers of sensational biography, as to innocent-minded persons and to prudes—got its start. To give the proper touch of journalistic sympathy to the character of the penitent rake, Fielding had to be represented as chronically hard-up; though whenever we get a real glimpse into his household affairs, we find him living like a gentleman! The story about his writing a whole play on the wrappings of tobacco consumed in a single night has been repeated for the reason, doubtless, that anecdotes of this sort have to be attached to a man of note; otherwise they are in their gross exaggeration lamentably pointless.

Critics and biographers, while for the most part they acknowledged Fielding's greatness as a novelist, for a long time accepted and perpetuated the Fielding Paradox, because few materials for its solution lay ready to hand. Thackeray meant no harm to Fielding and touched the novelist's supposed vices lightly and humorously. Later and lesser critics did not in this respect altogether follow suit. E. P. Whipple in the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* for January 1849 did indeed justly estimate not only the scope and power of Fielding's mind but also its "healthiness." He found a stumbling block, however, in Fielding's temperament, which he supposed to be that of "a rowdy." George Gilfillan in his *Literary Portraits* (1854) could write of the author of *Tom Jones* as a "sad scamp." The next year, the Reverend Whitwell Elwin, in the *Quarterly Review*, confessed his inability to understand how so great a novel could have been written by a "haunter of Taverns and squanderer of thousands," and referred to Fielding's study of the law as "profitless"! Southey, who might have done much to correct false impressions, left Fielding untouched, probably because, he could find no large body of the novelist's intimate correspondence, and because he shrank, like others, from the lengthy and difficult task of collecting the scattered materials on which a real life of Fielding would have to be based. The first life founded on thorough research was that written by Frederick Laurence in 1855. Laurence went over the whole of Fielding's career, corrected Murphy in many ways, and added some new details; he gave due attention to the literary and social background; but he was notably deficient in critical insight, and he was hypnotized by the view of Fielding's character set forth by Murphy and by Thackeray. A sane and searching examination of Laurence's work was published by Thomas Keightley in 1858, but Keightley's articles, hidden away in a magazine, attracted little attention, and in the following years "the old dissipated profligate was again and again tricked out anew by critics and reviewers." Leslie Stephen wrote wisely of Fielding's character on two occasions—in 1876 and in 1879—but in the biographical introduction which he composed for that edition of Fielding's works (published in 1882) which bears his name, he unfortunately fell into many of the old errors. The mischievous evil—lack of adequate research—which had blasted Fielding's character for a century and a half, did not begin to be cured until Austin Dobson took up the elucidation of the novelist's life in 1883.

Dobson's monograph in the "English Men of Letters" series has been until recently the best account of Fielding in existence. But scholars, stimulated by his example, have gone far deeper than he went into the details of Fielding's life. New facts have been discovered; new problems have been raised. The true Fielding has gradually been brought into a fuller light. Even Dobson adopted a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde theory of Fielding's personality—a theory not applicable to Fielding more than to other men, and partaking somewhat of the error of the old legend.

Without disparagement of Dobson's work it may be said that Mr. Cross was fully justified in undertaking a work on a larger scale; and that the *History of Henry Fielding* is not only longer and more comprehensive than any previous work on the same subject, but by the same token and in something like the same degree, juster and better balanced.

The background which the author has supplied for the story of Fielding's life is wonderfully complete. And it is needed. In order really to understand not only Fielding the novelist, but Fielding the playwright and theatrical manager, Fielding the journalist, Fielding the magistrate, it is necessary to get thoroughly in touch with the life of Eighteenth Century London. This is no easy task. The problem of description and analysis is complicated; generalities will not do; great frankness is called for and great common sense. The reader must not be misled into regarding the journalism of the time, for example, as merely such a carnival of mud-slinging as no self-respecting man could for a moment take part in. He must see in it all at least the possibility of honesty and of humor. Yet facts must not be concealed. Mr. Cross succeeds in giving his readers the right attitude. In his pages Fielding stands forth from the welter of political and personal bickerings, and against the background of low moral standards, quite a man of his time, but triumphantly human and triumphantly honest. Nothing is passed over in silence. Every farce of Fielding's is described, every pamphlet is noticed, every journalistic or literary quarrel is followed up. And Fielding stands every test. This is his truest vindication. Not one of his writings is negligible; not one is discreditable; all teach us something worth knowing about the forceful, right-minded, if impulsive, man who played the game of political journalism and semi-political play-writing, as understood in his day, with all his might, and with a better heart and a livelier genius than his rivals.

In comparison with this fulness and realism of the background, Mr. Cross's accuracy in matters of detail seems almost a minor virtue. Yet no small importance, surely, is to be attached to such matters as the identity of Fielding's contributions to *The Champion* (a point never before accurately determined) and the authorship of the numerous stray papers ascribed to Fielding. Among these latter is *Shamela*, in which, if Mr. Cross be right, Fielding first came into collision with Richardson. Such work as Mr. Cross has done in determining the minutest details and in contributing to the solution of disputed points entitles his work to be called for all practical purposes definitive.

But despite frequent preoccupation with details, the biographer is ever alert to show the continuity of Fielding's development and to emphasize the real character of his art. He shows for example the importance of *The Champion* as a link between Fielding's plays and his approaching work in prose fiction, pointing out that "in his contributions to this periodical lie imbedded the first draft of *A Journey from this World to the Next*, indications of the ironic point of view elaborated in *Jonathan Wild*, the first sketches, though lacking in narrative, for a Parson Adams and a Parson Trulliber, and the ethics on which was built the young man named Tom Jones." Just so one finds that the attitude assumed by Fielding in his *Jacobite's Journal* is "the irony of *Jonathan Wild* applied to the newspapers." And in the novels, Mr. Cross points out the nature of Fielding's realism in a manner that shows in a similar way the working of the novelist's mind.

Just as we see Fielding utilizing old ideas—but always with novel touches—as he passes from one form of literary activity to another, so we see him drawing upon old impressions and experiences. Mr. Cross here as elsewhere, is not content with probabilities; he follows things up as far as possible; and he speaks by the card when he says: "Test *Joseph Andrews* wherever you will, and you come face to face with real life."

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole work is the narrative of the war that Fielding as a Bow Street justice waged against robbery and murder in London and its environs—a story never before half told. That Fielding was an energetic J. P., every one knows. The value of his recommendations, the effectiveness of his reforms, it is surprising to learn. Of Fielding's pamphlet, *An Enquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers*, Mr. Cross says truly that "one is uncertain which to admire most—Fielding's knowledge of the law, his common sense, or that lofty idealism and faith in human nature which led him to believe that crime might some day have an end." Had Fielding's plans for building county houses throughout England been accepted by Parliament, a reform would have been achieved in 1753 which did not come, in fact, until nearly a century later.

Again, it was Fielding who organized the first detective force in English history. Altogether, so important appear the services to civilization which the Father of the English Novel rendered as a humble justice, that one really doubts which is most worthy of honor, the writer or the magistrate.

An all-around man, Fielding needs a full and detailed biography; an eminently sincere, manly man, he asks of his biographer like qualities; a man of the world, well versed in the life of his time, he requires the sensible judgment of a well-balanced, well-informed mind, rather than the apology of an enthusiast in love with his character; a man of fine nature, valuing virtue, no mere scoffer, though a slashing satirist, he can not be understood from the point of view of worldly wisdom alone. In no respect is Mr. Cross, his latest biographer, found wanting.

THE LETTERS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Edited by Edmund Gosse, C. B. and Thomas James Wise. New York: John Lane Company.

One of Swinburne's chief interests, as every one knows, was Elizabethan drama. On this subject he talked and wrote with enthusiasm that often seemed unmeasured and in a manner that usually seemed somewhat esoteric. In very minor playwrights he was accustomed to find marks of the highest inspiration, and for praise of the major dramatists he seemed to find the English language scarcely adequate. In some cases his judgments have appeared capricious, not to say inexplicable. In others the value of his "penetrating admirations" is obvious to all. Swinburne could, of course, find in a play for the most part poor and crude some real merit of a sort kindred to his own genius, where another could see little or nothing: it might sometimes happen indeed that the amount was microscopic. It is of no use to enter into the subtleties of purely subjective criticism—and Swinburne's criticism was almost wholly subjective. One can say only that to an uninspired reader, Swinburne appears to pour out his own personality lavishly over the plays that he loves.

It is this interest of Swinburne's that is chiefly emphasized in his recently published correspondence. Remarkably well informed, capable of discussing the minutest points with the greatest eagerness, the poet, when he gives up his mind to such matters, lives in a world much narrower than that of his poetry—a world into which few will ever fully enter. Those parts of the letters that deal with Elizabethan plays are for the reader with a special flair for that subject, and for no one else. They are not of a sort to awaken enthusiasm; rather they discourage honest zeal by causing the reader to suspect himself of truly pitiable ignorance and want of appreciation. It is to less esoteric matter that the general reader will turn, and he will be rewarded.

To begin with, the letters, while they are not remarkably self-revealing, do bring one more convincingly in contact with the everyday working mood of the man, than do previously published letters of his, or than does most that has been written about him. One gets from them a sense, not so clearly apprehended before, of an essentially clear, logical mind and a simple straightforward personality. The letters are in general less controversial than one might fear that they would be: except occasionally, the controversial tone when it occurs is more moderate than might have been expected. The letters are friendly letters, unguarded letters—in the main, one would think, very representative letters.

It is refreshing to find that Swinburne in a chaffing mood could write a letter to Lady Trevelyan in (very bad) Yankee dialect. That Yankee dialect is intended, seems to be placed beyond doubt by the use of the word "Wal." Indulgence in this humble form of mental relaxation certainly seems to make an ecstatic poet seem more human. Nor is even Swinburne's chaff very reckless. To be sure, his malicious delight in something to inflame the wrath of the Philistine comes out in his plan for "a sort of *étude à la Balzac* *plus* the poetry, which I flatter myself will be more offensive and objectionable to Britannia than anything I have yet done." But on the other hand his remark *à propos*

of Carlyle—"A 'God-intoxicated man' of course can fight but I prefer a man who fights sober"—is little more than the irony of common sense opposed to the bluster of religiosity.

Whenever Swinburne refers to his own work, one senses in him an honest delight in craftsmanship not at all of the nature of esoteric rapture. Nothing could be simpler and more comprehensive or sounder, than his dictum, expressed in a letter to Stedman, that "nothing which can possibly be *as well* said in prose ought ever to be said in verse." Again in a letter to the same friend he confesses quite simply the delight he takes "in the metrical forms of any language of which I know anything whatever, simply for the metre's sake, as a new musical instrument." Here are no secrets of art or criticism to be sure, but valuable confidences as to the attitude toward his art of a great artist. That the poet knew the possibility of faults of which he was sometimes supposed to be unconscious, is shown more than once. Of his poem on Gautier he wrote: "The metrical effect is, I think, not bad, but the danger of such metres is diffuseness and flaccidity; I perceive this one to have a tendency to the dulcet and luscious form of verbosity, which was to be guarded against, lest the poem should lose its foothold and be swept off its legs, sense and all, down a flood of effeminate and monotonous music; or lost and split in a maze of what I call draggle-tailed melody."

Swinburne's prose has been much criticized. "At least," he said in 1875, "I can write better prose than I could at twenty or so!" What he really required of a poet, is clearly expressed in his estimate of Poe—"the complete man of genius (however flawed and clouded at time) who always worked out his ideas thoroughly, and made something solid, rounded, and durable of them—not a mist-wreath or a waterfall."

In general it may be said that Swinburne's criticisms of other poets—and there are many of them in these letters—are shrewd and sensible, the honest comments of a fellow-craftsman, not the superior dicta of a man with an exclusive, personal ideal of poetry. To some of Swinburne's admirers it would seem absurd to mention Whitman in the same breath with him as a melodist. But Swinburne praised Whitman's melody—though he distinguished between Walt at his best and at his worst.

As one reads these letters, not only does one feel more and more the integrity of Swinburne's workmanship, but one is continually more impressed with the simplicity and honesty of his beliefs. If he was pagan, if he was anti-Christian, this mental attitude represented no mere prostration of the mind before artistic idols. There was a great moral fervor and a great simplicity in his rebellion.

For the rest, his personal traits—his sensitive chivalry, his hero-worship, his warm friendship, his almost fantastic idolatry of babies, above all his resplendent candor—are in these letters agreeably and convincingly expressed. The effect of a consistent, vigorous personality is strong.

CLEMENCEAU, THE MAN AND HIS TIME. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

It is seldom that so good a biography is written of a man during

his own lifetime as is that of the Tiger of France by H. M. Hyndman. By no means a mere eulogy, or journalistic sketch, but the careful work of a student of European history, a man singularly well informed about the inner political history of France since 1870, a friend of Clemenceau, sharing his confidence though not always agreeing with him, a foreigner, sympathetic but not actually involved in French party struggles, the biography gives a view of Clemenceau's career that seems remarkably unbiased, critical, and historic.

Mr. Hyndman is an old and convinced Socialist, but he is not an extremist. Nor is he by any means a pacifist. "A sound, sober and constructive Socialist policy" is what he has hoped for and worked for; and he recognizes that "Pacifism and Bolshevism together—that is to say, an unholy combination between anti-nationalism and anarchism—have shaken the influence of democratic socialism to its foundations." As a Socialist, Mr. Hyndman has been in general sympathy, all along, with Clemenceau, the radical; but as a Socialist he has differed from the French statesman on many points—notably in regard to the treatment of striking workmen,—and his disagreement has helped to give him a sharply defined point of view. In the biography, whenever he disagrees, he states his views, and the grounds for them, frankly and moderately; and one feels that the same honest, straightforward, and critical way of thinking is applied even in those cases in which no difference of doctrine exists between Clemenceau and his biographer.

The author's account of Clemenceau's early life is thoughtful and lively. Georges Benjamin Clemenceau was born in 1841 at the village of Mouilleron-en-Pareds, in La Vendee. His father belonged to an old land-owning family of the region. The elder Clemenceau was a convinced Republican, a leader of the local extreme Radicals, a thorough-going materialist, and, even before the publication of *The Origin of Species*, an Evolutionist. His son had the advantage of country life—no small asset to a man who is to subject his constitution to great strains in the course of an active career,—and what is more he grew up in an atmosphere of free thought and of practical humanity. Clemenceau *père* was a physician as well as a landowner, and used to practice gratuitously among the peasants. Later Georges Clemenceau did as much for the poor of Paris. After studying medicine, the young man went to Paris, when he was nineteen years old, to "walk the hospitals." Under Napoleon III he was imprisoned for two months for the crime of celebrating in speech and writing the date "February 24." In 1865 he obtained his M. D. and in the following year he visited America, where he was for some time a Professor of French in a young ladies' college at Stamford, Connecticut.

On his return Clemenceau practised medicine in the working-class district of Montmartre, where by his charity and his democratic principles he gained considerable influence. After the collapse of the Second Empire following Sedan, and after the proclamation of the Republic in Paris, he was elected Mayor of Montmartre, becoming a sort of municipal dictator. Thus upon the conclusion of the armistice in 1871 he was sent by the voters of his district to represent them in the assembly at Bordeaux. At a stirring time, at the age of thirty, with

already a considerable experience of men and affairs, he was drawn into national politics.

In Mr. Hyndman's narrative, Clemenceau's public life is made a part of the history of the times in which it has lain, and the author's account of the political events possesses an independent interest. Almost always Mr. Hyndman has something original to say. He throws new light on the Commune. He gives freshly interesting accounts of such episodes as the rise and fall of Boulanger, the Panama scandals that wrecked so many political careers, the Dreyfus case, the Caillaux affair. His description of conditions in France during the war, showing the extent of the menace from "the enemy within," is eye-opening.

Throughout, the man who between 1877 and 1893 destroyed no fewer than eighteen more or less reactionary administrations, who "more than any other man prevented the Republic from altogether deteriorating and kept alive the spirit of the great French Revolution in the minds and hearts of men;" who, when nearly eighty years of age, "became democratic dictator of France as no man has been for more than a century,"—this great fighter and leader is portrayed mostly by his acts, with a minimum of analysis. Mr. Hyndman's remarks, however, supply just the needed interpretations. They enable one to see, for example, just what Clemenceau's position was when he opposed Thiers in the national assembly; how well he understood both sides of the problem on that occasion—the attitude of the country people and that of the Parisians. His comments make evident the disinterested courage that led Clemenceau to speak in favor of the release of the indefatigable Communist Blanqui in 1879. They reveal the nature and extent of Clemenceau's labors in procuring a retrial for Dreyfus. The man's acts, properly emphasized, placed in their setting, and just sufficiently explained, give one a convincing picture of him.

In this book of Mr. Hyndman's there is not a single perfunctory word. Nor is there any reason to think that sympathy with radical opinions has biased the author's opinion. All is told from a radical point of view, but all is told truly; and whatever difference of emphasis might be given to the narrative by another historian in another time, the essential facts, the elements of greatness, here so vigorously set forth, cannot be other than Mr. Hyndman has represented them to be.

DRAMATIC TECHNIQUE. By George Pierce Baker. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A statement of Dr. Baker's in the preface to his work so well defines the proper limitations of a book on dramatic technique that one can not better indicate the essentially sound character of the author's treatment of this subject than by quoting his words. "I have written," says Professor Baker, "for persons who cannot be content except when writing plays. I wish it distinctly understood that I have not written for the person seeking methods of conducting a course in dramatic technique. I view with some alarm the recent mushroom growth of such courses throughout the country. I gravely doubt the advisability of such courses. Dramatic technique is the means of expressing, for the stage, one's ideas and emotions. Except in rare

instances, undergraduates are better employed in filling their minds with general knowledge than in trying to phrase for the stage thoughts or emotions not yet mature."

So sane a pronouncement is reassuring in this day of pretentious courses, and of text-books that profess to do everything, even to supplying the undergraduate with a substitute for experience of life. And, coming from the head of the very successful "47 Workshop" the words have an authority that should carry weight.

To have a correct conception of one's purpose is half the battle always. That Professor Baker knows how to carry on the task to a practical end, no one who is familiar with the productions of the "47 Workshop," can doubt. A teacher under whose direction so original and entertaining a farce as *Free Speech*—to name but one out of a number of real plays—was written, ought to know what it is good for the budding dramatist to study.

In method of presentation, the author has not striven for new theory or for undue simplification of the old. He has stuck to the organic processes of play-writing—to the processes that the masters of the craft really pursue. He has formulated the problems as they actually present themselves to the worker. Notably he is not content with the mere analysis that so often seems the all in all to the pedagogic mind. As revealing his point of view, his chapter headings are illuminating: "From Subject to Plot—Clearing the Way," "From Subject through Story to Plot"; "From Subject to Plot: Proportioning the Material." In each, the dynamic character of the process is emphasized: it is made plain that the dramatist must get somewhere. This thinking in dramatic terms, this adapting of means to end before a line of dialogue is written, is, of course, the heart of the subject. Four chapters are given to these organic processes, one to dialogue, and one to characterization.

A book constructed on the broadest lines, which are, when all is said, the most practical, yet a book exceedingly clear in definition and exceedingly definite as to rules established by long experience, Professor Baker's treatise throws the burden of play-writing, at last, where it belongs, and where every one truly interested in the art would wish to have it, upon the inventiveness, the patience, and the experimental skill of the playwright.

So excellent are the varied materials used by the author for illustration, so effective are often his comments in the way of arousing interest, that his book is well worth reading even by those who have no designs on the stage.

SOCIALISM AND AMERICAN IDEALS. By William Starr Meyers, Ph. D., Professor of Politics in Princeton University. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

Is Socialism the name of a definite, hidebound system or the name of a tendency? As John Spargo has pointed out, the classic socialism has never taken any deep hold upon America. Indeed, before Marxian socialism got far along the road of its professed aims in any country, Bolshevism—the rule of the under-dog—raised its head. What we have to deal with in America seems to be not so much socialism as a socialistic tendency that seems to threaten a gradual undermining of

democracy. A certain body of socialists have already realized that the old dogmas—including that of the inevitable class war—will not easily take root in America. They are abandoning doctrinaire principles and aiming at measures. Here the danger, if danger it is, would seem to lie.

Against the simple socialistic argument, Professor Meyers brings the old convincing refutations very effectively. But one could wish that in putting the case vigorously for unalloyed Americanism he had been able, even in a very brief and essentially popular treatise, to devote more attention to the subtler phases of the question. To say that "nothing could be more inconsistent with a sound democracy than the distribution of the material results of productive activity applied to the resources of nature regardless of the merits or just claims of those engaged in the work," is to state a self-evident truth. But is it just this that socialists—most socialists—really intend? If so, it is difficult to pin them down to the admission, and the pinning down is what most needs to be done in order to counteract socialistic influence. Again, it seems almost a waste of time to prove that socialism is not, as some of its defenders assert it to be, a doctrine taught in the Bible. Obviously it is not. But no less obviously, socialism would be Christian enough if it would really accomplish what its advocates claim for it. The mere refutation of the baseless assumption does not much advance the argument. The only practical application of socialism to which Professor Meyers devotes much space is government ownership of railroads, and this he treats rather summarily, conveying perhaps too much the impression that this complicated question may be decided on very few and simple grounds.

Professor Meyers' treatise is good polemically, and it has essential truths to support it; but query—does it quite hit the mark? Has not the author perhaps slightly underrated the enemy?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IN DEFENSE OF LINCOLN

SIR,—

That genial philosopher, Josh Billings, once said that it is "better not to know so many things than to know so many things that ain't not so."

One is reminded of this bit of wisdom on reading John Jay Chapman's paper on "Lincoln and Hamlet" in the March REVIEW. According to Mr. Chapman, Lincoln lived in a most "benighted age," and while "he threw into political life as much as that life could carry of liberal thought," he was not profound, and was unable to see the deeper issues behind the politics of his time. Instead of being a clear-eyed, prophetic minded statesman, he was a mere builder of a political machine, and even as a politician he was only able to "see a political idea when it was above the political horizon—or was just nearly about to rise"; "he was caged and controlled by the conviction that there must be a United States"; an honest, painstaking plodder, he reminds the author of a "very knowing mountain mule"; "caged in his problems of tangible politics, he was obtuse to the meaning of John Brown's Raid." He "never understood the slavery question." "He was always bent on preserving the Union, with or without slavery," because the Constitution accorded slavery certain rights, but "the notion of preserving slavery because it was provided for in the Constitution of the United States was the thought of illiterate men." Lincoln never saw "the problem in the larger light"; never saw "that slavery was doomed"; and employed "his enormous mental powers in bolstering up a thesis that was essentially false." His brain was so cramped by the poison of slavery, that "he could not see that the Constitution of the United States was a fetish and that he himself was like a superstitious woman who was clinging to a rag doll during a tempest at sea." He "had moments of illumination," but "his habits of self-suppression and his belief in his doctrine besieged him, and the light would flicker and go out." Mr. Chapman deplores the fact that "Lincoln's timidity has had an evil influence upon American character from his day to our own"; that it has been a deterrent force operating against every "American reform movement"; and he even gravely informs us that "it is quite certain that the precedent of 1860 had a powerful influence in preventing our administration from preparing for war in 1914." From which it would seem that Mr. Lincoln is in some way held accountable for the timidity and inefficiency of his predecessor, James Buchanan, who was President in 1860, and it doubtless led to the re-

election of Mr. Wilson in 1916, because *his* timidity had "kept us out of war." As an evidence of Mr. Lincoln's "inability to see the deeper issues behind the politics of his time," Mr. Chapman misstates his position concerning a Constitutional amendment referred to in the First Inaugural, which Mr. Lincoln had never seen, and as a conclusive evidence of his inefficiency as an executive he quotes the closing lines of the First Inaugural, which he characterizes as "flat" if intended as a call to patriotism, as "ludicrous" if intended as a threat, and as "tending to incite any manly revolutionist to unusual activity."

Hamlet is an inconspicuous figure in this indictment. He simply serves as a screen upon which Mr. Chapman would have us see pictures of a man who, as he patronizingly concedes, might have been great—a man of "enormous mental powers," a man of such "gigantic natural powers" that he could single-handed and alone "have brought the brains of Europe to our rescue," and with Europe's brains (*and war?*) would have settled the slavery question in short order; but who, instead, wasted his powers and sunk to the level of a mere "John A-Dreams," without ability to comprehend the great issues of his day. Just what use Mr. Lincoln could have made of Europe's brains in this summary suppression of rebellion and extinction of slavery, Mr. Chapman does not explain.

I do not write this in defense of Lincoln. He needs none. But, as one of the illiterates who lived in that "benighted age," and had the honor to serve as a member of his Body Guard or mounted escort from 1863 until his assassination, and bore a very humble part in that struggle for national life, I write only to give some faint expression to my indignation. To one who lived through the period of the Civil War, and was also in touch with the events of the ten years which preceded it, Mr. Chapman's superficial interpretation, or misinterpretation, of Mr. Lincoln's character and of his course as President, is unpleasant reading.

It is in a way curious, as well as exasperating, in this day and in the light of events, when the whole world knows that our great Republic was saved from destruction by the wisdom of Mr. Lincoln and the valor of its loyal sons who answered his call, to see this recrudescence of discredited ideas of ante bellum days. *Who's Who* tells us that Mr. Chapman was born in 1862. His information concerning the events of that "illiterate" and "benighted" time is necessarily second-hand. Where did he get it, and upon what intellectual provender has he fed, to give rise to this product of mental dyspepsia? In what school was he taught, that the Constitution of the United States is to him a mere "fetish" for which a superstitious woman's rag doll is a fitting simile? He tells us that his paper was inspired by "reading all one day about Lincoln, and going to see Hamlet on the next." It is a fairly good guess that his day's reading must have been devoted to the products of those zealous, brilliant and honest, but intemperate and impractical reformers of that day, who had adopted as their motto—"The Constitution of the United States is a covenant with death and an agreement with Hell"; who, in 1845, had seriously proposed that Massachusetts should secede from the Union because of slavery, and whose statesmanship suggests the physician who, when called to treat a sick man, instead of trying to save the patient would

advise putting him to death, because some of his children had the seven-year itch.

It is true that Mr. Lincoln was a politician,—but a politician in the highest and best sense of that term. He was also a statesman, in the highest and best sense of *that* term. When he succeeded to the Presidency, while several of the States had attempted to secede, from his point of view (which was the only logical point of view) they could not secede. By the adoption of the Constitution, a nation had been created—the States had been merged into an indissoluble Union, and the Constitution was that which bound them together. Therefore, while the Constitution stood unchanged, the attempted secession was ineffectual. Those States were not out of the Union, they were still integral parts of it, but were in a state of insurrection. The only logical course was to stand by the Constitution and maintain the Union thus created. It is well for the world that Mr. Lincoln held to his conviction that there must be a United States—well for the world was his determination that the Union should be preserved even if in saving it slavery survived for a time—well for the world that Mr. Lincoln was wise enough to see that the Constitution was the one and only thing which held the States bound in an indivisible unity, and that instead of being a mere fetish it was rather the stanch bulkhead that saved the ship of state from sinking when it was torpedoed by a slaveholders' insurrection. Mr. Lincoln was called to serve the nation at a time when it was suffering from grave internal disorder. As the humane physician knows that the ethics of his profession make it his duty to save the life and restore the health of his patient if possible, so Mr. Lincoln knew that his oath of office bound him to save the Union which made us a nation, if that were possible. The 1,866,000 who had voted for him for President, had by that act declared their opposition to the extension of slavery into the territories, as that was the issue upon which he was elected; but 1,375,000 other voters who had voted for Mr. Douglas, had thereby declared their indifference as to that issue, and were willing that slavery should be thus extended; while 845,000 who voted for Mr. Breckinridge had declared with equal emphasis in favor of giving the slaveholders everything they asked for. Only 589,000 who voted for Mr. Bell, had indicated their wish to see slavery abolished. The nation was hopelessly divided on the slavery question. If the nation was to be saved, it was necessary to find a common ground upon which its friends could stand, and a rallying cry to which enough would respond to defeat the insurrection. That rallying cry was Union, and that common ground was its maintenance. Thousands, even of those who had voted for Mr. Breckinridge, stood firmly for the maintenance of the Union, and the closing lines of that First Inaugural made the most subtle and effective appeal to tens of thousands who would have been deaf to an appeal to take up arms for the abolition of slavery.

Mr. Lincoln's stand, without doubt, held the border States. Premature action for the abolition of slavery would have caused them to join the secession movement, and as Mr. Lincoln suggested to a delegation from Chicago in 1862, there were fifty thousand bayonets from those States in our armies, which would be turned against us by acting too soon. In addition, such action would have greatly augmented the ranks of the Knights of the Golden Circle, the Sons of Liberty, and

other disloyal organizations in Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, and thus have caused serious embarrassment, and would have rendered the outcome uncertain.

Mr. Lincoln was as much opposed to slavery as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, or Horace Greeley. He believed in its eventual extirpation, and his method of dealing with it was the clear-headed method of a statesman, who could see beyond the immediate present and visualize something of the great and entirely free nation that was to be. He believed in government of the people and by the people. The end of slavery must come through action by the people, changing the fundamental law. With slavery excluded from the territories, and with those territories growing up into free States, the time was not far distant when the people who were opposed to it would be strong enough to end it by the methods prescribed by the Constitution. That end could be accomplished only by saving the Union. Hence, whether the Union was saved either with or without slavery, was secondary. In fact, it *was* saved *with* slavery, for the emancipation proclamation being solely a war measure, was effectual only in the revolting States, and was by its terms expressly thus limited. The Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution only became effective as a part of that instrument with the Proclamation of December 18, 1865,—after the war was ended.

Mr. Lincoln's so-called timidity was only that calm, clear-headed deliberation which prevents premature and ill-considered action; that saving grace of combined coolness and common sense, that enabled him to steer safely between the Scylla of extreme pro-slaveryism and the Charybdis of extreme abolitionism; that saving grace which has on still other occasions preserved us from grave and disastrous blunders,—such as, the repudiation of our national debt,—the twin crazes of greenbackism and free silverism, and has thus far stayed the hands of those who in the name of reform through the overruling or recall of judicial decisions by popular vote, would have destroyed the one thing which distinguishes our Government from all others and makes it indeed a government for all the people, in the protection it affords to the individual and to the minority, as against an intolerant and passion-ruled majority. That so-called timidity furnishes no precedent for the pusillanimity which denied and still denies to our citizens protection from and reparation for Mexican outrages, and which held the manhood of our country in leash for two years while German barbarism insolently raged in its ghastly riot.

ROBERT W. MCBRIDE.

Indianapolis, Ind.

INVESTING IN THE PHILIPPINES

SIR,—One thing which the members of the Philippine Mission now visiting America are not saying much about, but which is very near their hearts and perhaps the paramount reason for their visit, is the Philippine Land Title Act.

This is a measure recently passed by the Philippine Legislature, but which President Wilson has not approved. The President deeply disappointed the Filipinos and sacrificed much of the halo of high

opinion in which they had held him. Briefly, the act in question sought to provide that title to real estate in the Philippine Islands could be acquired only by Americans and Filipinos, and that real estate now held under title by others than Americans or Filipinos could not be bequeathed, save to heirs acknowledging American sovereignty.

Naturally the proposal stirred foreigners in the Islands to hasty appeal to diplomatic influence, with results as noted above.

There are still many Spanish subjects in the Philippine Islands. Many of them own real estate and quite a number are wealthy—as wealth goes in the Archipelago. These made vehement protest against what they deemed, or declared they deemed, practical confiscation of their property. They said that the law if approved would be a clear violation of moral principle and an abrogation of their fundamental and treaty rights; and that under forced sale—which the provisions of the law would naturally entail—their holdings would go at ruinous figures,—only Filipinos and Americans, of course, being possible bidders.

The tacit answer of the Filipinos to all this is, that if the Spaniards living in the Islands are truly interested in the welfare of the country and truly loyal to the principles of democracy upon which the Philippine state is to be erected, they can foreswear their allegiance to monarchical Spain and swear allegiance to America and the Philippine government—a thing many Spanish nationals did do at the inception of American rule in the Islands, when the opportunity was offered them. The majority, however, renewed their allegiance to Spain. Not a small number showed a decided German leaning during the recent war.

Englishmen in the Philippine Islands do not own a great deal of real estate, but German nationals held considerable property before the war, and they were rapidly acquiring more. The Japanese are acquiring more from day to day, even against certain obstacles which it is possible under the law to place in their way. (For instance, “reservations” of public lands may be made, at points cutting into a region over which the Mikado’s subjects are extending their interests; and it is possible to do something along the same line in the classification of public lands—agricultural, forest, mining, etc.)

What alarms Filipino statesmen in the acquisition of real holdings by the subjects of foreign Powers is, obviously, the menace such a condition creates against their national development.

The whole policy of America in the Philippine Islands looks toward the ultimate independence of the Archipelago, a thing expected to come within a period of thirty years. The policy of none of the other countries mentioned, concerning colonies, accords with our own. Our exploitation of Philippine resources is and has been from the first mutually beneficial to Filipinos and Americans, and the policy of the Government has placed Filipino interests first. Filipinos see no danger in citizens of the United States acquiring large interests in real property, or in other things, in the Islands; but they can not, naturally, hold the same view toward the subjects of certain other Powers.

There is a movement in the Philippine Islands toward the manufacture of raw materials. This is a part of the new nationalism and flourishes under our policy, where once the sole expectation was that the Islands should produce hemp, sugar, tobacco, copra, and the like—for factories established elsewhere. The battle is now on, in a manner

of speaking, between the representatives of the older interests and those accepting the newer order of things. Americans are finding it more and more to their advantage to establish manufactures in the Islands, where materials may be selected and where labor, though better remunerated than any other Oriental labor, is still cheap and certainly very dependable.

The proposed land-title law will without doubt come up in the next session of the Philippine Legislature, for amendment. The session will open in October. The effort will be to frame the law in such a way as will quiet all reasonable objections from foreigners—it may very probably provide for naturalization—*i. e.*, acquisition of Philippine, not American, citizenship—while at the same time insuring that the fifteen million acres of first-class agricultural public lands still lying fallow, and the 40,000 square miles of forest lands, to say nothing of promising mine projects in copper, iron and gold, shall not fall to the ownership of those whose sympathies are imperialistic rather than democratic.

Far more than Filipino appeal for independence, the next American Administration will have to face this issue, which the present Administration, because of President Wilson's disapproval of the land-title Act, has for the moment evaded. Filipinos realize that to be politically independent they must be economically independent, and that for this end they must own, and continue to own, the bulk of Philippine lands.

The point lies in the fact that the greater portion of the Islands, extremely fertile and potentially rich in harvests, is still undeveloped, while every one—every one, apparently, but the general American public, the investing element of which should concern itself—realizes the profits to be taken in acquiring this land and bringing it under cultivation. If the proposed land-title law might be approved, the opportunity would await development by Filipino-American interests, which are felt not to be incompatible with Philippine national life.

WALTER ROBB.

Philippine Islands.

INSTRUCTION FOR GERMANS

SIR,—Your editorial, "The Spots of the Leopard," in the April issue, interested me greatly, as it sounded the warning note against that most insidious danger, the lack of signs of contrition in Germany.

What is needed is a constructive plan to bring home to the average German just why he is held in abhorrence by the rest of the world, and I believe that the Germans have unwittingly shown us the way to accomplish this.

Germany put great faith in propaganda. Therefore I think that it is a fair assumption that she is peculiarly susceptible to its influence. In consequence, I would suggest the following: that pamphlets be published in the German language and distributed widely throughout Germany (couched in simple language so that the man in the street can understand) to prove the following:—

First. That Germany deliberately brought on the war. Quotations from Lichnowsky, Muehlton and Harden would be invaluable.

Second. That the German atrocities were facts, and not mere figments of their enemy's imagination, and that they were enacted in

pursuance of an avowed plan of Frightfulness. Quotations from the Bryce report giving chapter and verse would aid greatly.

Third. That the German people have been consistently lied to by their leaders. Their present loss of faith in the invincibility of their leaders may make the soil fertile for this.

Fourth. Quotations from Heine, who is really beloved in Germany, showing the true character of the German leaders. Even Nietzsche might be quoted.

I fully realize the difficulty of such a scheme of re-education of the German, but I believe the difficulties could be overcome. I also realize that all this would cost a great deal of money, but if even moderately successful, it would pay huge dividends in eradicating the revenge idea which must be universally held in Germany. In the last analysis, the peace terms rest on force for their execution. A real change of heart in Germany would make the world breathe easier.

ARTHUR H. SHORE.

New York City.

FROM A FRIEND.

April 2, 1919.

SIR.—Permit a word of commendation from a reader who can not remember when she first became acquainted with the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Under the tutorship of a wise father, I was reading it regularly and appreciatively before I was twelve years old. As it was the first periodical of my acquaintance, it is now, and always has been, first in my regard. It is easily the premier among American periodical publications. Should the time ever come to me—as it came to my father—when I can afford only one periodical, his choice shall be my choice. Thanks to his correct sense of values, he continued to take the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW even during those lean years of Reconstruction when its subscription price represented a real sacrifice in a Southern home. The enforced economies of those days, in our home, at least were not permitted to circumscribe the intellectual outlook of its inmates.

As I remember it the REVIEW was then, as it still is, a keen and discerning interpreter of the mighty currents of world-thought. But never has it performed that function more ably, efficiently and patriotically than in the present world crisis, into which our country has been swept by the recent war. Its editorials seem all but prophetic in their timely utterances so full of wisdom and warning. I wish they might be proclaimed from some mountain-top, in tones so loud, so far-reaching and convincing that not a hamlet nor rural community in the United States, be it never so remote, could remain asleep or indifferent to the tremendous issues now at stake. Issues profoundly affecting, if not changing forever, the destiny of our beloved Republic, are trembling in the balance of Internationalism at the Paris Peace Conference. God has given you the wisdom to see the hidden import, the full significance of these issues, Mr. Editor; as He has also given you extraordinary powers of language and logic with which to explain and set them forth. Continue to use these gifts as did the seers of old to warn and save the people from imminent, but often unseen perils. Break, if possible, the spell of hypnotism which seems to possess our

countrymen, body, mind and soul. Cause them to see the real dangers which a blindly partisan press is either concealing or minimizing. Keep up your splendid defence of American interests, traditions and institutions. Thousands of us are looking to you to arouse the public to lead men to think for themselves and to weigh well the possible consequences of sacrificing American independence, even in answer to "the voice of humanity," as our idealist President seems bent upon doing. Can we not best serve humanity, in the future, as in the past, by keeping our independence inviolable? In the light of past history and the present world situation, how can any one urge so radical a change of our national policy, without the fullest, frankest discussion and investigation; not only by the treaty-making powers of our Government, but by the people at large?

Continue to turn on the white light of "pitiless publicity," Mr. Editor. Thousands of patriotic Americans are bidding you "God-speed."

M. G. W.

Shelby, Mississippi.

LOST—AN AMERICAN SOUL.

SIR,—Many of us who can say "Thank God, I—I also—am an American," believe that our birthrights and privileges can be preserved only through the courageous utterances of patriots like yourself. Most of us are sadly confused by the attitude of our self-appointed leader who, tempted by the lure of gaining the applause of the whole foreign world, seems to have lost his American soul. We thank you, Colonel Harvey, for your clearness of vision and fixedness of purpose, which will yet save America for Americans. May God speed the day!

C. H. BAYLESS.

Tucson, Ariz.

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